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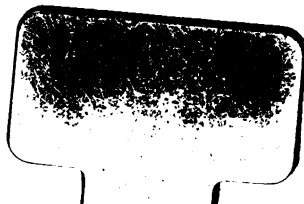
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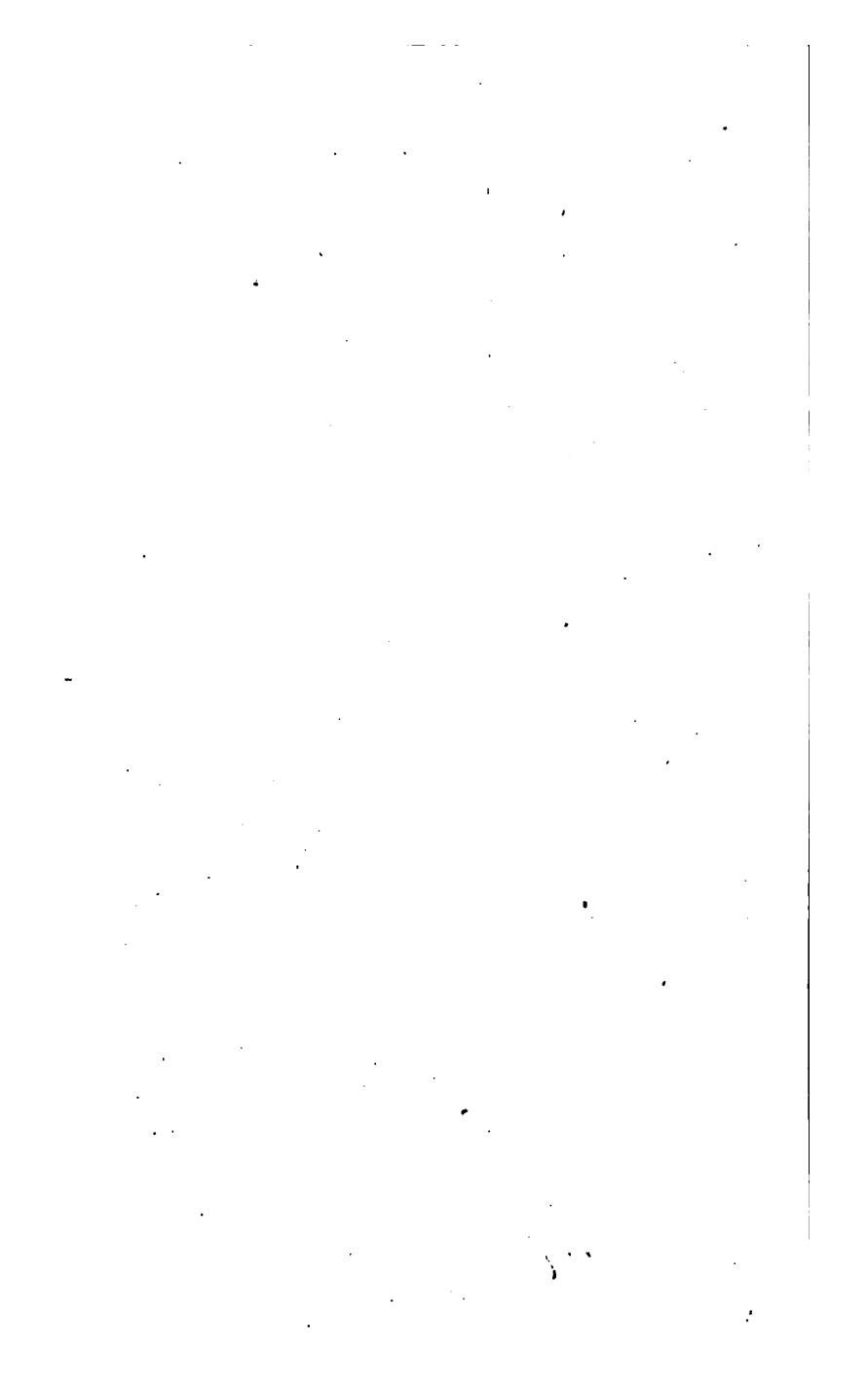
READING BOOK
FOURTH STANDARD



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Wheale's Series

READING BOOKS

ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE REVISED CODE

EDITED BY THE REV. A. R. GRANT

RECTOR OF HITCHAM, AND HONORARY CANON OF ELY; FORMERLY
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FOURTH STANDARD



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NOTE.

THE history in this Reader is intended merely to give children a very slight sketch of some of the incidents in each reign which are most likely to attract their interest. The Notes and Appendix are for the use of pupil teachers and monitors.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	The Romans	5
II.	The Saxons	8
III.	William I.	10
	The Curfew (poem)	14
IV.	William II.	16
	The New Forest (poem)	19
V.	Henry I.	23
VI.	Stephen, and Henry II.	25
	The Death of Henry II. (poem)	28
VII.	Richard I.	30
VIII.	John	32
IX.	Henry III.	36
X.	Edward I.	38
XI.	Edward II.	40
XII.	Edward III.	41
XIII.	Richard II.	44
XIV.	Henry IV.	45
XV.	Henry V.	46
	The Hermit of Dreux (poem)	48
XVI.	Henry VI.	50
XVII.	Edward IV.	53
XVIII.	Edward V.	55
XIX.	Richard III.	56
XX.	Henry VII.	59
XXI.	Christopher Columbus	60
XXII.	Henry VIII.	65
XXIII.	Edward VI.	73
XXIV.	Mary	74
XXV.	Elizabeth	77

CHAP	PAGE
XXVI. James I.	80
XXVII. Charles I.	83
XXVIII. The Commonwealth	87
XXIX. Charles II.	90
XXX. James II.	92
Trelawney (poem)	94
XXXI. William and Mary	96
XXXII. Anne	100
XXXIII. George I.	103
XXXIV. George II.	106
XXXV. George III. (American War)	110
(French Revolution)	112
(Continental War)	117
XXXVI. George IV.	123
XXXVII. William IV.	125
Little Blackamoor (poem)	126
XXXVIII. The Crimean War	127
Charge of the Light Brigade (poem)	132
The Crimean Medals (poem)	134
APPENDIX	137
ARITHMETIC	142

FOURTH STANDARD.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROMANS. B.C. 55, to A.D. 409.

THIS new reading book is to be about the History of England; but before we begin it, I want to ask if any clever boy knows the meaning of the word history? If no one does, perhaps the boy at the bottom of the class will tell us what the word history would be if we left out the first two letters. Now a story is not a bad thing, is it? And perhaps, as history only means a true story, we shall not find our new Reader so very dull after all, although the title is long, and requires the dreadful effort of pronouncing an h.

Well then, now for the true story of England (or Britain, as England, Scotland, and Wales are called). Long, long ago, hundreds of years before the oldest man you ever saw was born—And what of this country of ours long, long ago? Did the children get up early, and help to put things in order, and dress themselves neatly, and tramp off to school? Did the grown-up people work hard all day in the fields, or shops, or counting-houses? And on Sundays, did the bells ring merrily, and everybody go to church? Oh dear, no! There was little trouble in keeping the houses tidy, for they were

only holes dug in the ground, or wooden huts. As for dress, that was no expense whatever; for the people wore no clothes. Some, indeed, who had a love for smartness, dyed their bodies blue. The children's schooling was learning to hunt or fish. There was very little work to be done in the fields; for Britain was nearly all one big forest, where wild beasts prowled about. And as for shops, there were none; and there would have been nothing to put in them if there had been any. Sundays never came at all, or rather, nobody was the wiser for their coming; for the inhabitants of Britain were heathens. Some of the people, however, were wiser than the rest. They were the priests; they physicked the people when they were ill, and told them long stories when they were dull, and taught them how to worship the gods.

Now, dear children, remember, if you ever want to quarrel, be idle, and you will be sure to do so; and as the Britons could not hunt or fish all day long, and must have often found time hang heavy on their hands, they were constantly quarrelling and fighting. Like all heathens, they were cruel; and when prisoners were taken in war, they were often burned alive as sacrifices to the gods.

But, while Britain was in such a wild and savage state, other countries in Europe were inhabited by clever, intelligent, industrious people. About fifty-five years before the birth of Jesus Christ, the most powerful nation in Europe was the Roman. Rome was then governed by a very clever, ambitious man, named Julius Cæsar; but the more power he had, the more he wanted. When

children are covetous, they long to take other children's toys; when grown-up people are covetous, they very often want to take other folk's money: and Julius Cæsar seems to have wanted more countries, and more power. He must have been very like little Dick, who said,

"I want them every day,
And I want them every one."

Cæsar had conquered France: and one clear day he saw from its shores the dazzling white chalky cliffs of Britain. "I want that country too," cried he, and off he set with his soldiers. The Britons made some resistance, but could not stand against well-drilled troops. However, when Cæsar had got his toy, he did not care about it, and went back to Rome. Of course the Britons were then much in the same state as before the Roman invasion. But when nearly a hundred years had rolled away, and Cæsar's ambitious life had been ended by his being murdered, and the Britons who had seen his landing were dead and buried, the Romans came again to Britain. Numbers settled there, and it became a Roman colony. The Romans taught the Britons many useful things, how to make capital roads, how to till the ground, and a great deal besides.

It is not known how the Britons first became Christians. Probably in some way through the Romans, or the French, for one of the Apostles had undoubtedly preached in Gaul, as France was then called. Indeed some people think that one of them also preached in England. We cannot tell if this is true, but it is certain that in the second century there were many Christians in Britain.

CHAPTER II.

THE SAXONS AND DANES. A.D. 409—1066.

THE Romans, after many years, began to lose much of their power, and wanted all their soldiers at home. So the emperor of Rome called them all away from Britain. You might think that the Britons were pleased to have the place to themselves: but they were not. The north of Britain, the part which we now call Scotland, was inhabited by a wild sort of people. Whenever the folks who lived near the border land, that is, the part bordering on Scotland, had a good harvest, or some specially nice cattle, or anything else that was tempting, in rushed the Picts and Scots to steal. The poor Southerners had a hard life. It was no good running after the robbers, for they were capital climbers, and could easily get up the hills and hide themselves. So the Britons sent a piteous letter to Rome, called the "groans of the Britons."

The emperor sent off some soldiers to Britain, who built a good high wall between England and Scotland, believing that separation might produce peace. So it did, just as long as there was nothing to steal. But the next good harvest, over tumbled the Picts and Scots, caring nothing for the wall; while the poor disappointed Britons wrung their hands in vain. Again and again they asked for Roman soldiers, but at last the Romans said they really could not do anything more for them, and in the year 409 left Britain for ever. Poor Britons! they had been so much helped by their neighbours that

they had forgotten how to help themselves, and as begging in one place did not answer, like most beggars they resolved to try somewhere else: anything, rather than depend on themselves.

Now in the north of Germany lived a nation called Saxons. Great, tall, fair-haired, powerful men, who got what they wanted more by foul means than fair. In fact, they were pirates or sea robbers. For my part, I should never think it wise to "set a thief to catch a thief." However, the Britons were not of my opinion: so they asked the Saxons to come and drive out the Scots. The Saxons were only too willing. Off they set, landed in England, hunted out the Picts and Scots, but *then* they said to the Britons: "Thank you. We came for your pleasure; we will remain for our own." "Truly," thought they, "England is a nicer land than the wet, nasty bit of ground we have left."

So they settled themselves quite comfortably, dividing the country amongst them, as they thought fit. There were many Saxon kings who ruled over England, or part of England, one after the other. The Saxons were converted to Christianity in the year 597, by the preaching of Augustine, a Roman missionary. He found the Saxons in England, heathens; but the Britons were Christians. The most famous Saxon king was Alfred the Great, who was a very clever, good man. He had a troublesome reign though, having hard work to keep his kingdom from the Danes, who invaded it over and over again. Though they did not succeed in turning out Alfred, they conquered one of his successors (Ethelred), and in the year 1014 a Danish king reigned over England.

The Danes were rather cruel and severe, but otherwise did not rule badly. Three Danish princes reigned in turn, but upon the death of the last, from over-eating at a wedding-feast, a Saxon prince named Edward received the crown. Edward was good, but somewhat weak-minded. He died in the year 1066, and was succeeded by another Saxon, named Harold, whose reign was short, as you will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

NORMAN LINE.

WILLIAM I. (Surnamed the Conqueror.)

Died, 1087.

Came to the Throne, 1066.

Married Matilda of Flanders.

Had four sons, Robert, Richard, William, and Henry, and five daughters.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR was Duke of Normandy. Normandy is a county, or province, as the French say, in the north-west of France.

The Normans are a clever, ambitious set of people, and William, their duke, was a remarkably quick-witted, sharp man. If ever a man knew how to look out for himself, and understood the art of losing nothing for want of asking, that man was William. You can tell, without looking at your map, that Normandy is much smaller than England; and William thought that he would rather rule over a big country than a little one, and that it was better to be a king than a duke. First to wish something, next to plan it, and then to get it, was

William's way. King of England he wished to be, King of England he planned to be at Edward's death, and King of England at last he was.

It is said that he made Edward promise him the crown at his death; but this does not seem certain. However, one thing was clear: even if he did get the promise, there was no doubt that a living man's help was better than a dead man's promise; so William determined, if possible, to insure the former. He knew that upon Edward's death the crown might probably go to Harold; so he decided to make Harold promise to help him to obtain it instead. Now William was determined to make this promise as safe as he could.

You know that when witnesses come before a magistrate to tell him anything about a prisoner, they have to speak the truth, and to make it more certain that they will keep their word, they are obliged to take an oath; that is, to kiss the Bible, and to swear by the contents of it that they will only say what is true. William determined that Harold should do something of this sort. He did not make him kiss a Bible, but he made him take an oath to keep his word by something that was then considered as sacred as a Bible. But it was not a *book* by which Harold was to swear. It was a big box covered with cloth. Harold did not know what was in the box, but he swore by the contents of it to help William, upon Edward's death, to obtain the crown of England.

Then the duke drew aside the cloth which covered the box, and said, "You see by what you have sworn." And what did the box contain? A few little bits of gold,

a few stones, some bones, a nail or two, a bit of wood, some rags, and a few other things, most of which you would have called rubbish.

Why, then, were these things sacred? They were *relics*. A relic is something which has once belonged to a person now dead. Long ago people not only used to keep little things that had belonged to friends who had died, as remembrances of them, but they used to collect all manner of articles said to have belonged to holy men and women who were no longer alive.

These holy people were called saints, and the things which had belonged to them were called relics. These relics were of all sorts; sometimes a bit of the dress which the saint had worn, or an ornament belonging to him, or a bit of his hair. From collecting relics people began to consider them as very precious and valuable, and to be most eager to possess them, thinking that there was a sort of charm in everything that had once belonged to a saint. This idea caused a great deal of deception. Nails were sold at enormous prices which were said to be some of those which had fastened our Blessed Lord to His cross. Pieces of dress were shown which were reported to have belonged to the apostles. Every church had a store of relics, which the people used to go to look at, and to kiss, after service. And to swear by relics, and then to break your word, was considered the most dreadful sin.

So William knew what he was about when he collected these relics and made Harold swear by them. In 1066 Edward, as you know, died, and the English gladly chose Harold to succeed him. He thought nothing

of his oath, when he really found that he might be a king, and, amidst much rejoicing, he was crowned.

But William of Normandy did not mean to stand that ; he collected an army, sailed to England, conquered the Saxons and killed Harold in a famous battle at Hastings. And then he said to the English people, "I am your king : first, because the kingdom was left to me by Edward ; secondly, because might is right. Here I am, and here I mean to stay." And stay he did. He sent for his Norman barons or lords, and gave them the best lands, which he took from the English.

William was a very clever man, and made some very good laws, though some of his plans were cruel enough. He cared for himself more than for any one else. He had a fancy for a good big place to hunt in, and so he turned out of their homes numbers of poor people who lived in a forest in Hampshire, in order that he might have a large hunting-ground. With all the pains he took to please himself, he had not a very happy reign. His son Richard was killed by a stag in this very forest, and the three other sons did nothing but quarrel with each other. At last, upon the king taking part with the younger ones, the eldest son, Robert, who was a passionate lad, ran away from home, collected an army, and came to fight his father. However, peace was made, and Robert, being penitent, was forgiven, although William never really liked him afterwards.

In the year 1087 William had a quarrel with his old neighbours, the French, and a war broke out. The English soldiers took a French town,* and, by their

* Mantes.

master's orders, set fire to it. William was riding near the town afterwards, when his horse happened to tread upon a hot cinder, and began to plunge and rear. The king was so bruised that he had to be taken off his horse and carried to Rouen, a city of Normandy, where he died. The following story is told about the circumstances of his death. You must know, though, that he had made a law to the effect that a bell, called the curfew bell, should ring every night at eight o'clock, and that then all fires and lights were to be put out.

THE CURFEW.

In each New England village
At nine o'clock at night,
Still rings old England's curfew,
And says,—Put out the light!
Then tell they to their children:
Of long, long years ago,
The tale of Battle Abbey,
How they fought with shaft and bow.

But here's another story
New England sons may tell,
How he that bade the curfew
Heard an unbidden bell.
And let the boy that listens
Which best he liketh say,
The bell that rings for darkness
Or the bell that rings for day.

When William lay a-dying,
All dull of eye and dim,
And he that conquered Harold
Felt One that conquered him,
He recked not of the minutes,
The midnight, or the morn,
But there he lay—unbreathing
As the babe that is still-born.

But suddenly a bell tolled,
He started from the swoond,
First glared, and then grew gentle,
Then wildly stared around.
He deemed 'twas bell at even
To quench the Saxon's coal;
But oh, it was a curfew
To quench his fiery soul!

“Now prithee, holy father!
What means this bell, I pray?
Is it curfew time in England,
Or am I far away?
God wot—it moves my spirit,
As if it even might be
The bells of mine own city,
In dear old Normandy.”

“Ay, sire—thou art in Rouen,
And 'tis the prayer-bell's chime,
In the steeple of St. Mary's,
That tolls the hour of prime!”

Then bid them pray for William,
And may the Virgin-born,
In the Church of His sweet mother,
Hear their praying this blest morn.

Little dream the kneeling people
Who joins them in their prayers,
They deem not stout King William
Their Pater noster * shares,
Nor see they how he lifteth
With theirs, his dying hand ;
The hand that from the Saxon
Tore the crown of fair England.

Nor heard they as, responding
To their chanting, oft he sighed,
Till rose their De Profundis,
And the mighty Norman died.
But I have thought, who knoweth
But if that early toll,
Like the contrite malefactor's,
Waked a dying sinner's soul !

A. C. Cox.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM II. (Surnamed Rufus), 1087—1100.

You remember that Robert, the eldest son of the late king, had offended his father ; and therefore the throne of England was left to William, Robert only receiving the Duchy of Normandy. Of course he did not like this,

* " Our Father."

and made an attempt to turn William out ; however, he failed in doing so, and soon afterwards went to the holy wars. And here I must tell you what these wars were.

You know that Palestine, where our Lord lived when He was on earth, is often called the Holy Land. For years and years after He had ascended to heaven, and after the apostles were dead, people used to go from all parts of Europe to the Holy Land, in order to see the places where Christ and his apostles had lived and laboured. But most of all did Christians like to visit the Holy City, as Jerusalem was called. From its streets they would wander up the Mount of Olives, or into the Garden of Gethsemane ; and dearer still to many travellers was the sepulchre where Christ's body had lain.

There is nothing strange in the feeling that Christians had about this grave. We like to go to the churchyards or cemeteries where the bodies of any whom we love are resting ; we even care to look at the grave of a great man, although we may never have seen him ; and so it is not surprising that Christians liked to see the Holy Land where for their sakes their Master had been crucified and buried.

Now it often happens that a right feeling may change into a mistaken one. At first people went to Palestine from much the same sort of feeling that would make us visit the grave of a dear friend. We like to see that it is kept in order ; we think the sight of that grave will remind us of our friend ; he has given us good advice—we often forget it, but we must remember it when we stand by his grave. But let us suppose such a case as this : A little girl might lose her wise father whom she loved ; but it would not therefore be right for her to

spend hours crying over his tomb, instead of trying to do her work at home. But Christians long ago made a mistake very like this. They thought that nothing was so pleasing to God as going to the Sepulchre, and that it did not matter what home duties were left undone. So every year found more and more travellers, or pilgrims, as they were called, going to Jerusalem.

For many years these men went there without difficulty, but after some time Palestine was conquered by the Saracens, a nation of unbelievers, who thought no fun greater than persecuting and ill-treating Christian pilgrims. Now about the time of which I am writing there was, among the pilgrims at Jerusalem, a man of rather strange disposition, whose name was Peter. He was called Peter the Hermit, because for years he had lived alone. There were many such hermits in those days—men who lived alone, thinking that if they did not mix with other people they should be less likely to do wrong. Perhaps Peter had got tired of his lonely life—perhaps he had found out it was no easier to be good alone than in company; at any rate, for some reason or other, he went to the Holy Land. When there he saw one pilgrim after another beaten, robbed, and persecuted by the cruel Turks. His blood boiled. But what could he do? Fight the Turks alone! The idea was ridiculous. Go back to his hermitage home to have the remembrance of the shrieks of the Christians ringing in his ears by day, and to sleep but to dream of horrors! No! he determined to go from one city of Europe to another, describing in each the terrible sights he had seen, in order that the people might be persuaded to fight the Turks.

So, from one town to another Peter went. He preached in market-places, when the people left off their business to listen to the strange-looking man who talked in such an excited way. In France his preaching made the most sensation, and on one occasion the people exclaimed with one voice, "God wills it!" and declared that they would free the Holy City from infidels. So thousands of Christians went to Palestine to try and turn out the Saracens. These wars were sometimes called Holy Wars, because the quarrel was about religion; and sometimes Crusades, from a French word meaning "cross," for every Christian soldier wore a cross on his arm as a sign of his faith.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, then, joined the Crusades. William was glad to have him out of the way. There is little good to be said for this king; he was very cruel to the Saxons whom he ruled, and seems to have had all his father's faults, and few of his merits. He robbed the clergy very much, and cared nothing for any kind of religion. He only cared for hunting, and enlarged the hunting-ground. After reigning thirteen years he was killed in the New Forest by a shot from the bow of one of his knights—whether by accident or on purpose was never discovered. This king was nicknamed Rufus, which means "red," from the colour of his hair.

THE NEW FOREST.

THERE moves a sad procession
Across the silent vale,
With backward glancing eyes of grief,
And tearful cheeks all pale.

Scattered and slow, without array,
With wavering feet they go,
Yet with a kind of solemn pace,
The measured tread of woe.

There women pause and tremble,
And weep with breaking heart ;
While men with deeply-knitted brows
Stride mutely on apart.
There infants cling upon the breast,
Their own accustomed place,
And children look up askingly
Into each darkened face.

For the king has sent his soldiers
Who strike and pity not,
They have razed to the earth each smiling home,
They have burned each lowly cot.
It was the ruthless Conqueror
By whom this deed was done ;
And yet more fierce and hard of heart
Was Rufus, his stern son.

So they leave each humble cottage
Where they so long have dwelt,
Where morn and eve to simple prayer
With thankful hearts they knelt ;
Places all brightened with the joy
Of sweet domestic years,
And spots made holy by the flow
Of unforgotten tears.

And the gardens are uprooted,
And the walls cast down around ;
It is all a spacious wilderness,
The king's great hunting-ground.
While hopeless, homeless, shelterless,
Those exiles wander on,
And most of them lie down to die
Ere many days are gone.

Oh, Forest ! green New Forest,
Home of the bird and breeze,
With all thy soft and sweeping glades,
And long dim aisles of trees,
Like some ancestral palace
Thou standest proud and fair,
Yet is each tree a monument
To Death and lone Despair !

And thou, relentless tyrant !
Ride forth and chase the deer,
With a heart that never melted yet
To pity or to fear.
But for all these broken spirits,
And for all these wasted homes,
God will avenge the fatherless—
The day of reckoning comes !

To hunt rode fierce King Rufus
Upon a holy morn ;
The Church had summoned him to pray,
But he held the Church in scorn.

Sir Walter Tyrrel rode with him,
And drew his good bow-string,
He drew the string to smite a deer,
But the arrow smote the king.

Down from his startled charger
The death-struck monarch falls.
Sir Walter fled afar for fear,
And turned not at his calls.
On the spot where his strong hand had made
So many desolate,
He died with none to pity him—
Such was the tyrant's fate.

None mourned for cruel Rufus,
With pomp they buried him,
But no heart grieved beside his bier,
No kindly eye grew dim.
But poor men lifted up their heads
And clasped their hands, and said,
"Thank God, the ruthless Conqueror
And his stern son are dead."

Remember! oh remember!
Ye who shudder at my lay,
These cruel men were children once,
As ye are now were they.
They sported round a mother's seat,
They prayed beside her knee,
She gazed into their cloudless eyes
And asked, "What will they be?"

Alas, unhappy mothers !
If ye could then have known
How crime would make each soft gay heart
As cold and hard as stone,
Ye would have wished them in their graves
Ere life had passed its spring.
Ah, friends, keep watch upon your hearts—
Sin is a fearful thing.

From "THE BOOK OF POETRY."

CHAPTER V.

HENRY I. (Surnamed Beau Clerc), 1100—1135.

Married Matilda of Scotland.

Children :—William, died before his father ; Matilda, or Maud, married first the Emperor of Germany ; secondly, Geoffrey Plantagenet of Anjou.

AFTER William Rufus's death, his youngest brother Henry seized the crown. He had no right to it, for Robert was still alive fighting in Palestine. Henry was surnamed the Fine Scholar, because he was fond of learning. He certainly was sharp enough, but his sharpness was unfortunately accompanied by considerable meanness. As he knew he had no right to the throne, he thought it safest to make as many friends as possible. So directly William was dead, Henry seized the royal treasure, and gave away quantities of money to the nobles. Next, he married a Scotch princess, because he thought by that means to ensure a quiet neighbour in the King of Scotland, and also, as the princess was a Saxon, to please his Saxon subjects.

Henry was sharp enough. Not long after this marriage, Robert returned from the Holy Land, and demanded the crown of England. A war would have ensued, but the Archbishop of Canterbury persuaded the two brothers to make peace on the following terms :—Henry was to pay Robert a certain sum yearly. If Robert died before Henry, Henry was then to possess Normandy as well as England. If, on the other hand, Robert lived longest, he was to have England as well as Normandy. But it was not long before Henry broke his part of the agreement. Robert, being very angry, came over to England to ask for an explanation ; but Henry was so much the stronger, that poor Robert was glad to offer to give up his pension, if only he might return in safety to Normandy. However, he was not long left in peace.

Henry, though possessing the large country of England, envied his brother little Normandy ; made war upon him, took him prisoner, and poor Robert ended his life in Cardiff Castle, in Wales, after an imprisonment of nearly thirty years. His eyes were also put out—a punishment in those days as common as cruel. The whole of Normandy now fell into Henry's hands ; for, although Robert had a son, the child was too young to defend himself, and just as he grew old enough to take his own part was killed in war.

Henry now seemed prosperous enough. He was rich and powerful. One of his children had married an emperor, and the other, a fine lad, was the pride of his father's heart. But this young prince was drowned at sea, coming from Normandy to England. It is said that Henry never smiled again, and his death took place

fifteen years after that of his son. The king died, it is said, from eating too much of some favourite dish.

At his death, there were two parties claiming the crown—1, Matilda, his daughter; 2, his nephew, Stephen. Stephen was crowned in 1135, but did not keep the throne in peace. Matilda collected an army, and for eighteen years there was nothing but quarrelling in England between those who wished Matilda to succeed and those who took Stephen's side. At last peace was made on the understanding that Stephen should keep the crown until his death, and should be succeeded by Henry, Matilda's son, who had not to wait long, for Stephen died the very year the agreement was made. He could hardly have much enjoyed his reign, as he never during any part of it was at peace.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY II. (Plantagenet), 1154—1189.

Married Eleanor of Poitou and Aquitaine.

Children:—Henry, Geoffrey (died before their father), Richard, John.

Principal Event of the Reign:—The Conquest of Ireland.

HENRY II. was surnamed Plantagenet. Now, when you have done stumbling over that long word, we will divide it, and think about the meaning. *Planta-genista*. That is hard, is it not? I have only made it longer. However, that could not be helped; and now for an explanation. *Planta* means "plant," and *genista* "broom;" so Henry's name was Henry Broomplant. Well, but why? Because his father used to wear a sprig of broom in his

hat. I dare say you think that was a poor reason to nickname a boy, and rather hard to call him after the name of a plant which his father happened to fancy. Ah ! but I said a surname, did not I ? And nearly all surnames come from nicknames. If a man walked fast, "Hollo !" some one would call out, "there goes 'Hare-foot !'" and the name would stick to the gentleman, and to his sons and daughters after him. Supposing a lad to be very tall, he would be called "Long ;" or, if short, "Little ;" and so on. Now, next time you see a surname that is new to you, think of this, and try to guess what it came from.

Well, Henry Plantagenet, or Henry II., had not a very smooth reign. He was silly enough to marry a woman with a horrid temper, because she was rich and a good deal of France belonged to her. But what is the use of a rich wife if she is also a cross one ? Poor Henry had little peace at home ; besides, she brought up the children to be rude and disrespectful to their father ; and when the elder boys grew up they even made war upon him. Perhaps Henry, too, had a temper, for he did not get on well with the clergy. At last, he made a great friend of his, named Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, thinking that he should have some one to take his side whenever he and the other clergy quarrelled. However, in this Henry made a mistake.

Becket, although fond of the king, was a very religious and sincere man, and could not think a thing right only because it was pleasant ; so he constantly opposed the king's wishes, until Henry quite lost his temper, and exclaimed in a passion, "Can no one rid me of this

turbulent priest?" Some gentlemen heard what he said, and took him at his word. They hastened to Canterbury, pursued Becket to the cathedral, where he had taken refuge, and there murdered him. After his death, people forgot his faults, and remembered only his virtues. They forgave the splendid dress which he had worn when they found underneath it, the hair-shirt worn by monks in those days, and discovered that, if he had seemed severe with the king, he had been still more so with himself, for he had scourged himself daily. Becket's tomb became a regular shrine, or sacred place, where pilgrims flocked from all parts of England. If you ever go to Canterbury, you can still see the old stone steps to it worn away, by the crowds of people who went up them on their knees.

As for Henry, he bitterly repented the impatience which had caused the murder of his old friend. He went to Canterbury, walked barefoot through the city, and, lying on the ground on the same spot where Becket had been killed, was scourged by the monks, to show his sorrow and humiliation.

The most important event in this reign was the conquest of Ireland, which has ever since belonged to England.

The end of Henry's life was made miserable by the ill conduct of his sons. The two eldest sons always seem to have been troublesome; but when the younger ones joined them in rebellion, the poor old king's heart was broken. He died of fever in the year 1189.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AT THE TOMB OF HIS FATHER.

"The body of Henry II. lay in state in the Abbey Church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard, who on beholding it, was struck with horror at his rebellious conduct.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the Church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light as noon's broad light was flung
On the settled face of death :—

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censor's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there,
As if each deeply-furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show.
Alas ! that sceptred monarch's race
Had surely closed in woe !

There was heard a heavy clang
As of steel-girt men who tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread.
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
As by the torches' gleam
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
A dark glance high and clear,
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook
When he stood beside the bier.
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasped hands o'er it raised,
For his father lay before him low,
It was "Cœur de Lion" gazed.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie
A weight of sorrow even as lead
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the hand of lifeless clay,
Till bursting words, but all too weak,
Gave his soul's passion way.

"Speak to me, mighty king,
Ere now the dust hath stirred.
Hear me—but hear me! Father! Chief!
My King! I must be heard.
Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus? Woe, woe, for all
The love my soul forgot!

"Thou wert the noblest King
On royal throne e'er seen,
And thou didst wear in knightly ring
Of all—the stateliest mien.

And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart.
Oh ! ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert—and *there* thou art."

MRS. HEMANS.

CHAPTER VII.

RICHARD I. (Surnamed Cœur de Lion), 1189—1199.
Married Berengaria of Navarre.

RICHARD I. spent a great deal of time out of England, and his wife, a Spanish lady, never came there at all. As you read in the last chapter, Richard and his brother had behaved very ill to their old father. Certainly, although Richard had been less to blame than the others, he had been enough in the wrong to make him very miserable when the poor old king died.

Perhaps remorse made young Richard restless ; perhaps he really thought it better to go to the Crusades than to look after his people at home. At any rate, for some reason or other, off he set to the Holy Land, joining his troops to those of Philip, King of France, and the Duke of Austria. Richard and Philip were so unlike, that they could not long remain friends. Richard was passionate, but open and true ; Philip was sullen, sly, and cunning. So they did nothing but quarrel, and at last both Philip and the Duke of Austria deserted Richard, and left him to get on as well as he could alone. He knew that he had not soldiers enough to enter Jerusalem ; still he fought bravely, so bravely that he has been surnamed

Lion-Hearted, and little Turkish children used to be told when they were naughty, that King Richard would take them. But one misfortune after another came upon him. He lost his allies ; many of his soldiers died ; and at last he became very ill.

All this time Philip was putting up John, Richard's brother, to make as much disturbance as possible in England. Finally, poor Richard, being obliged to make peace, determined to return home. But this was easier said than done. Richard had, on his way, to pass through the Duke of Austria's country. He disguised himself as a pilgrim that he might not be known, but he was discovered, and thrown into prison. No one in England knew where he was. At last, one of his servants, who was very fond of him, determined that, if his master were above ground, he should be found. So this man, whose name was Blondel, travelled about the Continent to get news of Richard. At last, as he was passing by a castle wall, he happened to whistle a tune which he had heard the king sing. Blondel had whistled two or three bars, when the tune was finished by another voice. "Well," thought he, "how odd, that these foreigners should know our songs!" He listened again, and then the idea flashed across his mind, that the voice was as well known to him as the tune. "Surely," thought he, "that is my master's voice, and it is Richard of England who is singing." And he proved to be right. Full of delight, the faithful servant returned to England, and told Richard's old mother what he had heard.

Mothers (even cross ones) are not apt to think their sons dear at any price, and she eagerly inquired for what

sum of money Richard could be set free. A large ransom was named, but the English people were wild to have their king at home again, and money poured down like rain. Those who could not afford money gave jewels and other valuable things. At last the price was paid, and Richard was free. His brother John came and asked his forgiveness. Richard gave it, saying, "I wish he may not forget my forgiveness as quickly as I have forgotten his fault."

Richard might have lived happily in England for many years, but, unluckily for him, one of his tenants found some treasure in his field. Of course, as this treasure was found on the king's land, it belonged to him. Richard thought it no trouble (he loved war) to besiege the castle where this tenant, or "vassal," as a tenant was called in those days, lived. An archer shot an arrow from the walls which wounded Richard so severely that he died, after a reign of only ten years.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN, 1199—1216.

Married Isabella of Angoulême.

Children:—Henry, Richard, and three daughters.

Principal Event:—The Signing of Magna Charta.

We have only had one king of the common English name of John. Certainly this king was as unlike a John Bull as possible. When the throne of England became vacant by Richard's death, the right heir was a lad named Arthur, the son of John's elder brother, Geoffrey. How-

ever, John contrived to get himself called king. Now at that time a good deal of France belonged to England, and so it came about that in France, Arthur was called King of England, while in England, John was crowned. But John did not long remain contented with this arrangement. A few years after he became king an opportunity arose for taking Prince Arthur prisoner. After some time the poor boy was murdered—some people say by his uncle John's own hand, others only by his orders.

About this time Philip, King of France, made war upon John, and took from him nearly all his possessions in France. John then asked his people for money, and said he would never rest until he had won back his lost property. All he did, however, was to land at Rochelles, in France, and to burn one town. Then, hearing that Philip was after him, he ran away as hard as he could.

Next he quarrelled with the Pope, about who had the right to choose the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Pope selected a very learned man, named Stephen Langton, for the vacant post. John declared that he should never set foot in England. And then ensued a violent quarrel. The Pope in those days was very powerful. It was considered that all Christian kings were bound to obey him. So the Pope excommunicated John, and laid the kingdom under an interdict. Two hard words which must be explained. Being excommunicated meant that no Christian was allowed to speak to John or to do anything for him. And the kingdom being laid under an interdict meant that Church services were stopped.

However, no clergyman in England was bold enough

to tell John what had happened to him. Indeed I do not know when he would have heard of it, as every one was more afraid of his anger than of the Pope's; but it happened that one of the barons, who knew all about it, went a journey without the king's leave; whereupon John loaded him with a cope or cloak made of lead, the weight of which killed him. Then the Pope sent two messengers from Rome to threaten John. He did not mind them in the least, until they told him that if he would not give in, the Pope intended to set the King of France at him. Whereupon John was terrified, and gave in, putting his crown into the hands of the Pope's messenger, and offering to pay a large sum of money yearly to the Pope, if he would allow him to continue king. The messengers kicked the money away, but kept the king's crown for five days, as a sign that England was under the Pope's power. Thus *Papal Dominion*, or the power of the Pope, was confirmed in England.

Next John quarrelled with his barons, and they told him that they would turn him off the throne unless he would sign a paper which they would draw up, making many new laws. This paper was called the *Magna Charta*, from two Latin words—*magna*, great; *charta*, paper.

However, John soon broke his word, although he had gone into a passion when he had to sign the paper, and had kicked and screamed like a baby. To keep his nobles obedient, he asked for their children as hostages. Do you know what that means? It is rather like pawning. When a poor man wants to borrow money, he gets a pawnbroker to lend it him upon his coat or hat. And a

bad plan it is. If the man does not pay, the pawnbroker sells the coat or hat. So John told the nobles to give him their children to keep as hostages or pledges that they would keep their promises. One lady, however, quite refused to give her children up, saying, John had not taken such care of his own nephew, as to lead her to trust him with her children. Her husband was rather frightened by her courage, and having sent John's queen a present of four hundred oxen, hoping thereby to insure favour, took his wife and children to Ireland, to keep them safely. However, two years after, when the husband was away, John went to Ireland, seized the poor lady and her children, put them in dungeons, and had them starved to death.

John soon broke the promises he had made in Magna Charta, and his barons were so angry that they imitated the Pope, and, saying they were sick of John's tiresome, treacherous ways, they invited the King of France. However, Philip did not come, but sent his son Louis instead, who made a triumphant entry into London. But just at this time John's reign was ended by death. He was travelling in Lincolnshire with a great deal of baggage. It got washed away in a part of the sea called the Wash. This accident enraged him so much that it brought on a fever. He was carried to a convent (place where the clergy lived) at Swineshead, and eat a quantity of peaches and drank beer. As he naturally felt very ill afterwards, he said the clergy had poisoned him, and insisted upon being carried on to Newark, where he died. He begged that after his death he might be dressed like a clergyman and buried between two saints. He had had

little to do with saints in his lifetime, but being of a superstitious nature, imagined that their society in death would be to his advantage. From his loss of land he was surnamed John Lackland.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY III., 1216—1272.

Married Eleanor of Provence.

Children :—Edward, Edmund, and two daughters; five other children died in infancy.

HENRY III. was only nine years old when his father died : however, he could hardly have been the better if such a father as John had lived longer. The young king was lucky enough to have a wise brother-in-law in the Earl of Pembroke, who soon got rid of the French prince, and governed England capitally. But after Pembroke's death Henry had to look out for himself. At first he chose rather good advisers, but this seems to have been more from luck than good sense, for the friends he made later in life were ill selected. Having a great turn for making favourites, he gave away places, not to the people who were best fitted for them, but to those whom he or his wife happened to fancy. After a time, his barons could stand it no longer, and rebelled against him. At their head was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. At last both the king and his eldest son were taken prisoners by the barons.

Now Prince Edward was very different from his father : he had his wits about him, and very bright ones they

were. Of course he wanted to escape. What prisoner would not wish to be free? He was allowed to go out for a ride every day, attended by guards to see that he did not run away. One day Edward asked the guards if they did not think it would be good fun to make their horses run races. The guards agreed, and Edward amused himself by watching them, but declined joining the sport. When all the horses but his own were so tired that they could hardly drag one foot after the other, he seized the opportunity, and escaped, putting spurs to his horse, and not pulling up until he was safe.

It was not long before he succeeded in delivering his father, and peace was made after a great battle at Evesham, where Leicester was killed. Poor King Henry had been brought as a prisoner by the barons into the thick of the battle, in hopes that Prince Edward's soldiers might kill him by mistake. However, although wounded, he had strength to cry out, "I am your king!" and was immediately put in a safe place by Prince Edward, who flew to his aid. Edward, as soon as things were quiet in England, went to the Holy Land, where he was badly wounded, and, it is said, would have died, if his good wife had not sucked the poison out of his arm, for he had been hurt by a poisoned arrow.

Henry died in the year 1272. He had no talent for ruling, and would have made a better builder than king, for he was very fond of architecture.

CHAPTER X.

EDWARD I., 1272—1307.

Married, first, Eleanor of Castile; secondly, Margaret of France.

Children:—Edward, Thomas, Edmund, and several daughters,
most of whom died young.

Principal Event:—Conquest of Wales.

It is said that fathers and sons are often extremely unlike. Certainly no two people could have had less in common than Henry III. and his son, Edward I. Edward was one of the cleverest kings we ever had, and one of the most successful in war. In early youth, as you know, he helped his father in battle; in manhood he went to Palestine; and through the whole of his reign his love of fighting seems to have been his great passion.

He was very unhappy after his father's death. The news reached him when he was in Sicily, on his way back from Palestine. However, he felt sure that the throne would come to him without any difficulties being made; so he dawdled rather on his way home, visiting various foreign cities, where he was flattered and made much of till he returned to England, hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels. Soon his love of war began to show itself. On some pretext he quarrelled with the Welsh, and fought against their princes. One was killed in battle; another, after being deserted by his followers, was taken prisoner and put to death, and Edward then became master of Wales. He had a little son born at Carnarvon Castle, and it is said that he promised the Welsh to give them a prince who should not know a word of English; and kept his word

by showing them his child, a baby, who of course could not speak a word of any language. Since that time the eldest son of the King of England has always been called Prince of Wales.

Edward next set his heart upon Scotland, and thought it a fine thing when the Scotch took to quarrelling about who should be their king, and kindly asked him to settle which of three claimants had the best right to the throne. Edward selected one whose name was John Balliol, who consequently was crowned. However, not long afterwards, Edward said that John must do homage—that is, say publicly that Edward was his master, and that Scotland was inferior to England. Balliol said that he should not do anything of the kind; whereupon Edward, nothing loath, marched off to Scotland, fought a battle, took Balliol prisoner, and brought him and the stone on which he had been crowned to London. It was a great trial to the Scotch to lose this stone, on which their kings had been crowned from very early times.

Edward next went to war with the French. Now, as you know, while the cat is away the mice will play; and no sooner was the cat Edward safe on the Continent than the Scotch mice, headed by William Wallace, began to try to regain their liberty. Wallace was a noble man, for he seems to have cared about his country and not himself, and to have had no idea of ambition as far as his own good was concerned.

However, as soon as Edward heard of the Scotch rising, back he came, and defeated them in a great battle at Falkirk. After this he did not go near Scotland for many years. Wallace fell into his power, and was put

to death. The Scotch then chose a man named Robert Bruce as their king. Edward was then nearly seventy years old. Still the love of power was strong in him, and he set off once more to Scotland. However, he did not live to get there, but died on the borders, leaving orders for his son to continue the war.

CHAPTER XI.

EDWARD II., 1307—1327.

Married Isabella of Hainault.

Children:—Edward, John, and two daughters, one of whom married the King of Scotland.

EDWARD II. did not care about war, having probably heard of little else all his life. So, when his father died, he contented himself with just marching into Scotland; but soon returned to England, and married the worst wife ever man had. Edward was a silly, weak creature, and, like his grandfather, too fond of favourites.

In the year 1314 he went to fight the Scotch, and was totally defeated at Bannockburn. The English numbered one hundred thousand, and the Scotch were only thirty thousand. I suppose the Scotch cared to fight for their liberty and country, and the English probably did not care whether they were successful or not. Edward returned to England, and quarrelled with his barons and his wife. She went to France, and it is a pity she did not stay there; for, returning to England, she contrived to have her husband taken prisoner and carried to Berkeley Castle, where he was most barbarously murdered in the year 1327.

CHAPTER XII.

EDWARD III., 1327—1377.

Married Philippa of Hainault.

Children:—Edward (the "Black Prince"); Lionel, Duke of Clarence; John of Gaunt; Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; three other sons who died young, and four daughters.

EDWARD III. was only fifteen years old when his father was murdered. He was not allowed to govern for three or four years, during which time his mother and a very wicked man named Mortimer mismanaged the kingdom as they liked. Amongst other pieces of wickedness they killed Edward's uncle, the late king's brother. When Edward was eighteen he began to rule in earnest, and his first business was to have Mortimer put to death. Queen Isabella was allowed to live, but was put into prison, to prevent her doing further harm. When the king was about twenty-eight years old he made war with France, saying that he had the best right to rule over that country.*

This was not true; but he went into France with a large army. A terrible battle was fought at a place called Cressy, where the French were entirely defeated. Edward's eldest son, who was called the "Black Prince," because he wore black armour, fought most bravely. At one time it was thought that the part of the army in

* Edward's mother was the daughter of a French king. Through her he claimed the throne. But it was an unjust claim; for, as the law of France forbids a woman to reign, it was impossible for Queen Isabella to transmit to her son a right which she had never had.

which he was would be conquered, and some of his friends went to the king and asked for more assistance. But he refused to send any, saying that he wished his son to have the pleasure and honour of the victory. In the battle of Cressy the English only lost three knights, one squire, and a few hundred privates. The French lost thirty-six thousand men, amongst whom were twelve knights, many nobles, and two kings. One (the King of Bohemia) was quite blind, but had insisted upon being led into the battle. His crest was three ostrich feathers, with the motto "Ich dien" (I serve). In memory of the conquest the Black Prince took this crest as his own, and ever since that time the crest of the Prince of Wales has been three ostrich feathers, and the motto "Ich dien."

Edward next besieged the town of Calais. The people of the city contrived to keep the English out; but at the end of eleven months all the food was gone, and no more could be brought into the town, on account of the army outside. Still the brave inhabitants would not give in, although their only food was the flesh of horses and dogs.

At last Edward sent word that if they would yield he would spare every one in the town, excepting six of the principal gentlemen, who must be given up to him. This was a terrible message; but six men were found noble enough to say that they would give up their own lives to save those of their neighbours and friends. The first who offered himself was a man named St. Pierre. There have been some verses written about him and his fellow-citizens, one of which is—

"The name of this true hero
We will keep with reverent care;
Let it never be forgotten,
It was Eustace de St. Pierre."

The six burghers, as they were called, came up to Edward with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the city in their hands. They would have been hung, had not good Queen Philippa thrown herself down on her knees before her husband, and begged for their lives, as if she had been begging for her own. And so the burghers were allowed to go back to their wives and children. Moreover, Queen Philippa gave them many beautiful presents.

The next war was with Scotland; for the King of France, in revenge for Edward's behaviour to him, put the Scotch king up to quarrelling with the English. The English got the best of it though, and the Scotch king was brought a prisoner to London. Then more fighting went on in France, where the Black Prince again won great credit. At a battle called the battle of Poitiers the King of France was taken prisoner and brought to England. He was treated very well, and after a time a treaty or agreement was made, which allowed him to return to France, on condition that a certain sum of money was paid to the English within a given time. But the poor French king could not contrive to raise it, and, as he was very honourable, he came back to England, and stayed there till his death.

Edward, in the year 1376, had a great sorrow—the death of his brave son, the Black Prince, who died after a long and painful illness, leaving a child, who afterwards

was said to him. This boy was crowned king, as was the common custom in those days, during his father's lifetime, to show that he was the heir to the throne. Henry IV. walked behind his son on this occasion, carrying the crown. Madcap Harry turned round, and said impudently, "The son of an Earl may well wait on the son of a king."

Henry fell into bad health, and was subject to fits. Once he was insensible for so long a time, that every one believed him to be dead, and Prince Henry took away the crown. When the king came to himself, he missed it, and asked where it was? The prince brought it back, and told his father why he had taken it. The king said, "Alas, how do *you* think to keep a crown to which, as you know, *I* had no right?" The prince replied, "With the sword you won it, and with the sword I will keep it." And for it he had not long to wait. Henry IV. died shortly afterwards, having had his ill-gotten crown fourteen years.

CHAPTER XV.

HENRY V., 1413—1422.

Married Catharine of France.

Child:—Henry.

Principal Event:—Battle of Agincourt.

THE first thing that Henry V. did after his father's death was to shut himself up in his own room alone. The second was to send for all his wild companions, and to

tell them that in future he intended to change his ways, and that he wished them good-bye until they had done the same.

Now it happened that at the time when Henry V. reigned in England the King of France was mad, and therefore unable to govern. Henry longed very much for the crown of France. However, he determined to try fair means before foul, and so asked a French princess in marriage. But he made it very plain that it was her fortune he cared about, and not herself, by asking for such a quantity of land as her wedding-portion that the French people must all have been as mad as their king if they had agreed.

Like many of our monarchs, Henry loved fighting. Off he went to France, and fought a battle at Agincourt, which was as glorious to the English and as fatal to the French as those of Cressy and Poitiers. There were so many more French than English that one gentleman told the king before the battle that he could not help longing for some of the brave men in England who were doing nothing. "Don't say that," replied the king; "if we conquer, we shall have the more honour; and if we are beaten, fewer people will be killed."

Henry got his land and his wife, and a promise moreover that, when the mad king died, the throne of France should be his. But just when he was at the height of his power and grandeur he died, leaving a little baby-son to inherit his vast possessions.

KING HENRY V. AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

He passed unquestioned through the camp,
Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or begged
A blessing as he went.
And so the Hermit passed along
And reached the royal tent.

King Henry sat in his tent alone,
The map before him lay;
Fresh conquests he was planning there
To grace a future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes,
The intruder to behold;
With reverence he the Hermit saw,
For the holy man was old.
His look was gentle as a saint's,
And yet—his eye was bold.

“Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land!
Oh, king! repent in time; for know,
The judgment is at hand.

“I have pass'd forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise,
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days!

"I used to see, along the stream,
The white sail sailing down,
That wafted food in better times
To yonder peaceful town.

"Henry, I never *now* behold
The white sail sailing down ;
Famine, disease, and death, and *thou*,
Destroy the wretched town.

"I used to hear the traveller's voice,
As here he passed along ;
Or maiden, as she loitered home,
Singing her evening song.

"No traveller's voice may now be heard,
In fear he hastens by ;
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succour cry."

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,
"And conquer this good land.
Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand ?"

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily looked down ;
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

"What, if no miracle from heaven
The murderer's arm control,

Think you for that the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul ?

“ Thou conqueror king, repent in time,
Or dread the coming woe !
For Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shall feel the blow.”

King Henry forced a careless smile
As the Hermit went his way ;
But Henry soon remembered him
Upon his dying day.

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

HENRY VI., 1422—1461.

Married Margaret of Anjou.

Child :—Edward.

Principal Event :—The English lose nearly all their possessions
in France.

HENRY V.'s little baby-son could not, of course, reign, and a regent was appointed, that is, a man to govern for him. You will not be surprised to hear that when the mad French king died, his people did not fancy belonging to a child, and so decided that the son of their own king should rule them. This king was called the “Victorious,” because in his reign the English were driven out of France. Not that he had really much to do with that, as you will see by this curious story.

There lived as servant in a French inn, a poor girl

named Joan of Arc. Perhaps the travellers stopping at the inn told her what a shame it was that English people should hector over the French, for although Charles the Victorious had been chosen king, most of the land was in the power of the English; and it was the English infant and not the French youth who had been crowned. Perhaps Joan had a strong love for her country, and hated the English. However this may have been, one thing is certain. Her head was full of one idea, and that idea was a hope and determination that the English should be turned out of France. If people think of a thing much, they are very likely to dream of it; and so Joan thought of driving out the English by day, and dreamed of it by night.

At last, she declared that she felt sure that God sent her these dreams to show that He had chosen her to set her country free, and to see that the French king was crowned, as kings before him had always been, at a town called Rheims. So this poor peasant girl went to see the king, and entreated him to let her command his army. And she got her way. The soldiers fought so bravely under her that the English lost one town after another, until they were glad to make peace. Poor brave Joan came to an unhappy end, for falling into the hands of some English soldiers, they called her a witch, and burned her alive,—one of the common and cruel punishments of those days.

Henry VI., when he grew up, was another instance of a weak-minded king. His wife was more of a man than he was, for she was brave, and loved fighting as much as any of our most fighting kings. But in Henry's reign there

was that terrible plague to any country, a civil war; that is, a war between two parties in the same country. So that sometimes even brothers fight against each other, and fathers against sons. But how did this civil war come about? You remember, or you ought to if you do not, that Henry IV., Henry VI.'s grandfather, had no right to the crown, but had snatched it away from Richard II.; and now a man, who was descended from the second son of Edward III., wished to take it away from Henry VI. This man's name was Richard of York, and undoubtedly he had a better right to the throne than Henry VI. had. But Henry did not want to give up his crown, and would not, without a struggle; which struggle lasted forty years.

You can hardly understand the misery of forty years' fighting. These wars were called the Wars of the Roses, because the Yorkists wore white, and the Lancastrians red roses in their hats. King Henry was taken prisoner; but then his wife went on fighting battle after battle, until in one Richard of York was killed.

Unluckily for the peace of England he left a son, who was just as anxious to reign as his father had been. At a great battle, called the Battle of Hexham, Margaret got the worst of it, and ran off, with her son, intending to go to France. But she lost herself in a forest, and there met a robber, who was going to steal her clothes. But the poor queen told him who she was, and instead of ill-using her, he helped her and the young prince to escape to France, where they stayed for nine years.

During this time Edward of York reigned under the name of Edward IV. But he grew unpopular, because

he favoured his wife's relations, and Margaret was told by a very powerful Englishman (the Earl of Warwick), who has been sometimes called "the king-maker," that there was a good chance for her. So poor Henry VI., who had never been very wise, and was now half silly, was dragged out of prison and again called king. Margaret and her son came over from France with a large army, and another great fight took place. Her army was cut to pieces, and she and her son were taken prisoners. The lad was brought before Edward, who said to him, "What brought you to England?" The prince answered, "To get back my crown and my father's." Whereupon Edward, being in a passion, struck him, and the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester killed the poor lad with their swords. Poor King Henry died, or was murdered, in 1471, and then Edward IV. reigned, without any one to dispute his right.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOUSE OF YORK.

EDWARD IV., 1461—1483.

Married Elizabeth Woodville.

Children:—Edward; Richard, Duke of York; and five daughters, of whom the eldest, Elizabeth, married the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh.

Principal Event:—Printing introduced into England.

THERE is very little to be said in favour of Edward IV. The last chapter will have shown you that he was a cruel prince, and he did not improve when he became king. In fact, there was not much to choose between him and

his two brothers, both of whom were very bad men. In 1478 one of them (the Duke of Clarence) spoke saucily of the king, and Edward, who had never liked him, had him put to death.

There is a story that the duke was allowed to choose his own death, and that being fond of Malmsey wine, he asked to be drowned in a butt of it; but this seems hardly likely to be a true tale.

Edward seemed unable to forgive any one who had sided with poor foolish Henry VI., and tried to kill all the Lancastrian party. He succeeded in catching a great many of them, and then gave himself up to every kind of self-indulgence. He pretended to wish to make war with France; but it ended in his becoming like a saucy beggar, and asking for money to keep away, which the French king, from time to time, gave him. Next Edward set his heart upon a marriage between his eldest daughter and the eldest son of the King of France. But this marriage never came off, and it is said that the disappointment caused Edward's death, which took place in the year 1483.

In this reign printing was first introduced into England. Of course until this time there were very few books, for it took a long, long, time to write books by hand. Most books were copied by the monks or clergymen, and were written on parchment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EDWARD V., 1483.

AND now comes the shortest reign in our history ;—the story of an uncrowned king. Little Edward V. might have had a long and happy reign, for the people were ready enough to make him their king. You remember, though, that Edward IV.'s two brothers were as wicked as himself. The Duke of Clarence, as you know, had been put to death ; but Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was still alive, and he did not intend to let his little nephew be king. But he had not the courage to try to seize the throne by force. Oh, no ! Richard, like most cruel people, was cowardly.

When Edward V., on the death of his father, came to the throne, he was staying with his mother's brother, Lord Rivers, at Ludlow. Now Richard's first scheme was to meet the lad, who was on his way from his uncle's to be crowned in London. The young king had not many people with him, and so Richard easily overpowered them. Lord Rivers and three other gentlemen were sent to Pontefract, and there imprisoned, and all the rest of the king's followers were dismissed, and told they should be put to death if they ever came near the court. Poor little Edward was dreadfully frightened ; but his uncle assured him that all he had done was from the best motives. But the poor queen, Edward's mother, who had always distrusted the Duke of Gloucester, was terrified when she heard what had happened,

and, taking her second son and her five little girls with her, took refuge at Westminster. The good Archbishop of York went there to see her, and tried to comfort her, but in vain.

Meanwhile Gloucester brought the king into London, with much show of respect, riding before him, and calling out to the people who had turned out to see the sight, "Behold your king!" Next Gloucester had several men put to death who he thought were likely to help the queen and her children, the good archbishop and her brother, Lord Rivers, among the rest. But all this time he pretended to be very loyal, and told the queen he should like her second son, the little Duke of York, to come and be with his brother, the king, in order that proper care might be taken of him. The poor queen never saw her sons again. One night, after they had gone to sleep, two men, hired by Richard, entered the room, and smothered the two children with pillows, burying them at the foot of the stairs. For years it was not known what had become of them. Richard got a good many soldiers together, and from terror the people agreed to his being crowned king, which he was in the year 1483.

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHARD III., 1483—1485.

Married Anne Neville.

Had one son, Richard, who died young.

ALL manner of tales are told about King Richard III.'s appearance. Some historians declare that he was crooked

and deformed. Others, again, say that he was rather handsome. But wicked people cannot be really good looking, for a bad temper and cruel disposition are sure to show in the face. Therefore, dear children, if you are fond of looking in the glass, I advise you not to choose for the purpose a time when you feel cross.

The first thing that Richard did after his coronation was to set out in great state to show himself, his wife, and his son, in different parts of England. At York he amused himself by being crowned over again. The next year his wife died, and some writers say that he poisoned her. Whether this is true or not, he certainly did not seem to care much about her death, although he had been very unhappy at that of his son, which took place a few months before.

As you know, Edward IV. had killed most of the Lancastrian party; but in Wales there still lived the young Earl of Richmond, Henry Tudor. Now Henry Tudor's mother was descended from Edward III., and his friends thought that it would be a good plan to strengthen his claim to the crown by marrying him to Elizabeth, the sister of the murdered Edward V. Richard kept spies all over the country to tell him if there were any danger likely to arise from Henry Tudor. But these spies were not as clever as might have been supposed, for while they thought Henry was in France, he was really in Wales, making friends with the people, and getting them to promise to help him against Richard. Afterwards he did go to France for a time; but in 1485, the storm which had been long gathering burst, and he landed with an army at Milford Haven in Wales.

It was a tiny little army, only three thousand men. Richard at first laughed at the idea of there being any danger to be feared. But Welshmen, in large numbers, kept their promise to Henry, and joined his troops. Richard's spies either told him nothing, or what was untrue, and at last he began to get alarmed. In desperation he collected what soldiers he could, and met Henry and his army at Bosworth, near Leicester. The night before the battle many of the king's soldiers deserted him, and joined Henry's side. Before retiring to rest, Richard went round his camp. Finding a sentinel asleep instead of watching, he stabbed him, saying, "He will sleep soundly enough now." But the king might have been thankful if his soldiers had done no worse than sleep. When the battle began, none of them cared to fight for him, and in the middle of the fight, Lord Stanley, one of his chief generals, suddenly turned round and attacked the men behind him.

Richard saw that all was up, and screaming "Treason! treason!" rushed madly up to Henry Tudor, trying to kill him. Henry's servants gathered round their master to defend him, and attacked Richard, who at last fell, covered with wounds. He was slain near a brook which ran through the battle-field. The water was stained with blood, and for many long years afterwards the country people round refused to use it. Richard's body was thrown carelessly over a horse, and taken to Leicester to be buried.

CHAPTER XX.

HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER UNITED.

HENRY VII., 1485—1509.

Married Elizabeth of York.

Children :—Arthur, Henry, and two daughters.

Principal Event :—Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus,
a Genoese sent out by the King and Queen of Spain.

HENRY VII. was crowned king on the field of Bosworth, for directly Richard III. fell, one of the soldiers seized his crown and placed it on Henry's head. We cannot say much that is good of this king. He had two great faults. He was a miser, and he was cruel. The first act of his reign was to send men to Yorkshire to take prisoner the Earl of Warwick, the late king's nephew. This lad was put in the Tower as a prisoner for fear that he should try to be made king. Although Henry had a great dislike to all the York party, he knew that his seat on the throne would be firmer if he married one of them. So he took his friends' advice, and made the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV., his queen. But he never liked her.

In 1487, a rebellion broke out, caused by a lad named Lambert Simnel pretending that he was the Earl of Warwick, who, it was said, had escaped from the Tower. Lambert went to Ireland, and there many people who had never seen the Earl of Warwick believed his story, and he was actually proclaimed king at Dublin. Afterwards he left Ireland with an army ; but was defeated by Henry at Stoke, near Newark. On this occasion Henry did not

behave ill, for instead of putting Simnel to death, he ordered him to be an under-cook in the royal kitchen, which was really rather a rise in life, as he had been only a baker's son.

Six years afterwards a youth named Perkin Warbeck, who really was like the Plantagenet family, announced that he was one of the princes who had been supposed to be murdered in the Tower, and that he had escaped when the ruffians murdered the king. A good many people believed this tale. One or two battles were fought between his party and the king's, and at last Warbeck was caught, and sent to the Tower. There he made acquaintance with the Earl of Warwick, and they tried to make some plan for escaping, but were discovered. Perkin Warbeck was hung, and the Earl of Warwick beheaded.

Henry's fondness for money made him order that people who had committed crime should be fined instead of being punished in any other way, because he got the money. Henry died in the year 1509, and at the end of his life repented his miserly ways.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS heads this chapter I daresay you never heard of Christopher Columbus, King of England! No more did I! Was he a king at all? No. Was he even an Englishman? No; he was a

foreigner, a Genoese, who lived in the reign of our Henry VII. But he was so great a man, and did one such great thing, that he shall have a chapter all to himself in your Reader. And I shall be surprised if you do not think him a finer fellow than most of the fighting kings of whom you have read. Christopher Columbus was the man who discovered America. Should not *you* like to find out the way to one of the stars, and then come back and tell all your friends about it? Should not you be proud of yourself? Well, Columbus discovered the New World, as it was called—America.

For hundreds and hundreds of years people did not even know that the world was round. But before Columbus's time they had found out that the world was nearer round than square. Now Columbus was a clever boy, and had been brought up a sailor. When he grew up he was known to be one of the best *navigators* of his time. A navigator means a man who understands the management of ships and sailing. Columbus was *thoughtful*. His country people were often going to India; Columbus took it into his head that there must be two ways to India, and that if, instead of going east, folks would sail west, they would find out that they would come to India in time.

Besides, there were many other reasons which made Columbus think that there was land "Westward Ho." Find the Azores or Western Islands on the map. Before America was discovered, people thought that the Azores were the most westerly bits of land in the world. Columbus did not think so. He was not a stupid fellow, who never thought for himself, and who went

on fancying that nothing could be true but what his grandmother had always told him. Not that he was conceited either; for he was a long time making up his mind, and willing to ask the advice of people likely to know better than he did. When he had made up his mind, though, nothing could turn him from what he thought was right.

Well, Columbus believed there was land to the west of the Azores for several reasons. But you shall only hear two of them. First, then, he thought it very odd, as the world was round, that there should be such an enormous quantity of water, as must be the case if the *whole* of one side of the globe were water. Secondly, from time to time strange things had been washed by the sea upon the western shores of the Azores. Once two dead bodies of men. These men were not in the least like any people who lived in Asia or Europe. Where, then, did they come from?

At last Columbus determined that he would set out, and see if he could not find more countries to the west. But he was a poor man, and a good deal of money was needed to fit out ships. First of all he asked his own countrymen to help him. But they called him a fool for his pains. Next he tried the King of Portugal, who did a very mean thing indeed. He talked a long while with Columbus, and got all his plans out of him, and *then* was so dishonest as to send some one else out on the sly. However, this mean trick did not answer; for the sailors sent turned back soon, and said they had had enough of it, and were sure the scheme was nonsense.

Next Columbus tried the King of England; but I suppose

that that "king was in his counting-house, counting out his money." Anyway, he did not count any of it out to Columbus; for thinking "a bird in the hand worth two in the bush," he quite declined to provide any ships. Still Columbus did not give up! And at last the King and Queen of Spain said they would help him. Three ships were got together, and a few sailors. Rickety ships they were! I doubt if any captain in these days would do more than cross the Channel in them. However, Columbus was obliged to take what he could get. He was a brave man, and he had the right kind of courage; for he would not go on this dangerous voyage without publicly asking God's blessing. He and his sailors all went to church and received the Holy Communion before they started.

On the 3rd of August, 1492, Columbus set sail with his three rickety little boats. How he would have enjoyed one of our beautiful steam-boats! The sailors got frightened when they found how long they were out of sight of land. But after having been three weeks at sea, they saw some birds flying westward, and this cheered their spirits a little. But when day after day passed, and there was no sight of land, the men got desperate. They declared that they would turn about and go home, and some even wanted to throw Columbus overboard. "Indeed," said they, "if we do not go back soon, our crazy, rickety old boats will be wrecked."

Columbus did not lose his presence of mind. He knew the danger he was in; but by dint of sometimes coaxing, sometimes flattering the men, he got them to sail on westward still. But after thirty days had passed,

during which nothing but water below and sky above was to be seen, the sailors got frantic, and told Columbus that they would, and should, and *must* turn back at once. But Columbus felt pretty certain that they were at last near land. The water had got more shallow. They had met many birds, and some did not look like sea birds. Columbus told his crew that if in three days more no land was to be seen, he would give up and return with them. But before that time was over, one of the sailors saw a piece of timber floating by, which had been carved by some one. Another man picked up a branch of a tree with red berries on it. Columbus now felt so sure that land was near, that, after having had public prayers for success, he had the sails furled, and ordered a strict watch to be kept, for fear the boats should run ashore in the night.

About ten o'clock Columbus (who was looking out eagerly—how eagerly we can hardly tell) saw a light, which moved about as if carried by some one on shore. And two hours afterwards a joyful cry from the sailors on board the first ship told that they saw land. Still, it was so dark that they feared they might be mistaken. But when day dawned a lovely island was seen. The sailors burst out singing the *Te Deum*, as praise to God for having brought them so far. Next they begged Columbus's pardon for their stupidity and impatience.

When the sun rose the boats rowed to land with music playing. Columbus, very splendidly dressed, was the first to spring out, his drawn sword in his hand.

The island was inhabited by savages, who were afraid of the Spaniards. They had never seen white skins before,

and the big boats in which they had crossed the sea terrified them. These savages wore no clothes, but had their bodies painted. Columbus sailed on from one island to another. Everywhere the savages were most respectful and kind, thinking the Spaniards some great people—in fact, that they were near relations of the *Sun*, for that was one of their chief gods.

As Columbus believed these islands to be part of India, they got the name of the West Indies, which they still keep.

The Spaniards could not make enough of him when they saw him again, and he went other voyages, on one of which he discovered the continent of America, which lies, as you know, still more westward than the West India Islands.

CHAPTER XXII.

HENRY VIII., 1509—1547.

Married, first, Catharine of Arragon, divorced; secondly, Anne Boleyn, beheaded; thirdly, Jane Seymour, died; fourthly, Anne of Cleves, divorced; fifthly, Katharine Howard, beheaded; sixthly, Catharine Parr, survived the king.

Children:—Edward, son of Jane Seymour; Mary, daughter of Catharine of Arragon; Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn.

Principal Event:—The Reformation.

HENRY was popular when he first became king. He was a handsome, out-spoken, jolly-looking lad, and called, from his free way of speaking, "Bluff King Hal." He had not, in his early childhood, expected ever to be a king, for he was only a second son. But his elder brother, Prince Arthur, died in 1502, thus leaving Henry heir to the throne.

Bluff King Hal had one great fault. He had it

when he was a child, and it grew with his youth. He was self-willed; that is to say, "he had a temper." My dear children, *never keep a temper*. You had better, as far as expense goes, keep a carriage and pair. By indulging a bad temper you will lose your friends; for it is hard to love any one who is snappish, and who always wants his own way. You will lose your work, for no master likes to keep a surly servant; and if you are a cross master, no servant will like to stop with you. And, of course, you will lose your happiness, for there is no work so hard as trying to please yourself. "*Self* is a hard master." And so Henry found. When he was a little fellow he would lie on the ground, and roll over and over in a fury, if any one offended him. When he became a man, his temper grew worse and worse, until it was the misery of himself and of every one about him.

Bad-tempered men do not make good husbands, and therefore it is the less surprising that Henry had six wives, one after the other. His first was the Princess Catharine of Arragon, his brother Arthur's widow.

The first two years of his reign Henry did not do badly. He was extravagant, to be sure, and kicked about a good bit of money. But then his father, Henry VII., had been such a screw, that probably people only thought it was a comfort that the present king was liberal. However, the Bishop of Winchester, who was a prudent man, thought that money was flying too fast. He fancied that a steady companion would be most able to check Henry's extravagance, and so he introduced to him a clever young man named Wolsey.

Wolsey had plenty of head, but not much heart. He got all the influence over his young master that the Bishop of Winchester desired ; but having got it, he only made use of it for his own ends. He was an ambitious man. It did not matter how absurd were the ideas that came into the king's head, nor how much money was thrown away in nonsense, as long as some came to Wolsey's share ; and by dint of flattering the king, he obtained one important place after another. He was only a butcher's son.

In 1513, Henry, like most of the kings before him, made war with the French, who were defeated in a battle called the "Battle of the Spurs," because the French soldiers made more use of their spurs than of their swords. Henry then took one French town, and afterwards amused himself by having sham fights—in those days called tournaments. Meanwhile, a battle was fought at Flodden, in Northumberland, between James IV., King of Scotland, and the English, who were commanded by Lord Surrey. There were nearly twice as many Scotchmen as Englishmen engaged ; but the Scotch were defeated, and their king killed.

In 1515, the King of France died, and was succeeded by Francis I., a prince who was very fond of dress and show. England and France being now at peace, the two kings agreed to meet near Calais, and have some tournaments. Henry spent a fortnight in France ; and a pretty sum of money the holiday-making must have cost. Both camps were so splendid that the meeting was called "the Field of the Cloth of Gold." There were countless tents, many covered with silk and cloth of gold ; and crowds of

people flocked to see the fun, for the French always love splendour, and will go anywhere to see a smart show. Wolsey, who was now a cardinal, was there of course, arranging everything.

And now we come to the beginning of the most important event of this reign, namely, the *Reformation*. You know the meaning of the word *Reform*. It is to change for the better. A Reformer is a man who tries to change what he considers bad customs for good ones. A *Reformatory* is a place where bad people are sent in the hopes that they may be made good. Now, sometimes people do not agree as to what is a good thing. And what one man calls a change for the better, another terms a change for the worse.

The truth is, that most so-called reformations have some good and some evil in them. The Reformation that took place in Henry's reign was a change of religion. The English were *Roman Catholics*, and therefore under the power of the Pope or Bishop of Rome. But before we go on to the Reformation in England, we must talk a little about the Reformation in Germany.

About the time of Henry's reign in England, many Germans had been getting discontented with the Roman Catholic religion. A German priest, named Martin Luther, was at the head of this party. He made a great stir by preaching against many doctrines taught by the Roman Catholic Church. I have not space in this short Reader to tell you much about this celebrated man. It will be enough for you to remember that the Lutheran Church in Germany still holds the doctrines which he taught. One of these doctrines was, that the Pope had no more right

to power over other nations than an ordinary priest had.

Henry, in the year 1521, wrote a book against Luther. Of course the Pope was enchanted with it. He sent Henry a letter, flattering him to the skies and beyond them, calling him wise, learned, gentle, charitable, meek, and by many other pretty but undeserved names. He also gave him the title of "Defender of the Faith," which the kings of England have borne ever since.

Now there are various ranks among the priests of the Roman Church. Next in order to the Pope are the Cardinals. When a Pope dies a new one is chosen by the Cardinals from amongst themselves. Wolsey, as I told you, was a Cardinal, and he longed to be Pope. In the year 1522, he thought he had a chance, for the Pope died. Another was chosen; but Wolsey was not the fortunate man. However, poor Wolsey's trials were not only those arising from disappointment. He got out of favour with the king, and fell lower and lower. His splendid house was taken possession of by Henry, who even seized his clothes. Then the capricious king changed his mind, and seeming sorry, sent the Cardinal a pardon, and told him he might keep some of his money. Wolsey could not resist his love of show (people who are not born to grandeur always care for it most, and you remember he was only a butcher's son), and Henry was again made angry by what he considered Wolsey's extravagance, and had him arrested on the charge of high treason. High treason means plotting against the king. On the road to prison he was taken ill, and died at Leicester Abbey. It

is said that when dying, the poor Cardinal exclaimed, "If I had only served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs."

In 1588 the king divorced his queen and married Anne Boleyn, one of her maids of honour, who was very beautiful. This made the Pope angry. Henry now declared that the Pope should no longer rule in England. He called himself the "Head of the Church," and said that he would have things his own way. He gave orders that all prayers and books wherein the Pope was named should be suppressed. The Pope excommunicated Henry, who ceased to be considered the "Defender of the Faith."

The next thing Henry did was to make inquiries into the state of all the monasteries in the kingdom. And now I must tell you what monasteries were. They were houses where monks or Roman Catholic priests lived. These monks and priests looked after the sick, taught the children, gave away money to the poor, fed and sheltered the homeless, and did many other good actions. But, of course, there were bad monks as well as good ones. Some wasted the money entrusted to them to give away; some spent it on themselves. And there is no doubt that these monasteries wanted seeing after. Henry saw to them quickly enough. He shut them all up; he turned the inmates out; he took all the money for himself.

The first result of this was dreadful. For although Henry told the people that it was wrong and foolish to think that the Pope had absolute power, he only put him-

self in the Pope's place; and the most ignorant of his subjects did not know what to believe or to do, and many became fearfully wicked. Then all the beggars who used to be relieved at the convent gates got desperate. One riot after another took place.

The king, meanwhile, burned Lutherans because he said that they were wicked, and killed Papists because they stuck to their Pope.

In fact, Henry only objected to one part of the Roman Catholic religion, and that was being obedient to the Pope. He *would* be master. It is true that in the end the people of England left the Roman Catholic religion; but as far as Henry believed any religion at all, it was Roman Catholicism. Sir Thomas More, a most excellent and learned man, refused to take an oath to the effect that the king was head of the Church, and was therefore beheaded.

In 1536 Henry had his queen, Anne Boleyn, beheaded on a charge of high treason. The next day he married Jane Seymour, the daughter of a Wiltshire gentleman. This lady died in about a year. Henry now found it rather hard to get a wife. One duchess whom he wished to marry sent word that she "had but one head; if she had had two, one should have been at his majesty's service." Henry, however, succeeded in persuading a Protestant princess, by name Anne of Cleves, to marry him. He saw and fell in love with her picture; but alas! it was a flattering likeness, and when he saw the lady, he said he did not want to marry her. If photographs had been invented in those days, the poor lady's journey might have been spared. However, she got off rather

cheaply on the whole, for the king only divorced her instead of putting her to death. A fortnight afterwards he announced that Katharine Howard was his wife, as he had married her privately. She turned out though to have been a bad sort of woman, and was beheaded. Strangely enough, another lady, Catharine Parr, was found rash enough to marry the king; and, stranger still, she survived him.

The tyrannical king told his subjects that they must believe on religious matters whatever he told them or be put to death; and as he never held the same belief for long together, it was difficult for his people to please him.

The Pope ordered that no one should give the king or his friends food; told all the clergy to leave England, excepting a few who were to remain to baptize infants; and said that when the king died his body was to remain unburied. But, after all, the Pope could only talk, and an angry king who was present was more feared than an absent pope.

Towards the end of his reign Henry grew more passionate and brutal. He got so fat and unwieldy that he could not move at all, and a hole had to be made in the floor of one room through to the ceiling of another, that he might be let up and down by ropes. When it became evident that he was going to die, every one was afraid to tell him so. At last, just a few hours before the end, some courageous person told him he could not live long, and asked if he would like to see a clergyman. Archbishop Cranmer, of whom you will read more in the next reign, came, and the king pressed his hand, and died in the act.

In the year 1536 parish priests were ordered to supply the people with the Bible.

In this reign there lived a celebrated painter named Holbein. One day he was very busy painting a picture when an earl asked to come in, and made a great noise because Holbein would not be disturbed. At last the painter, losing patience, pushed the nobleman downstairs. He complained to the king, who said, "I could make seven earls out of seven peasants any day, but seven earls could not make one artist."

CHAPTER XXIII.

EDWARD VI., 1547—1553.

A boy king. And a good, meek, gentle little boy; very unlike his father. Edward's mother was Jane Seymour, and he was only a baby when she died, and but nine years old when the death of his father placed him on the throne. His eldest uncle was made Protector of the kingdom; that is, he had to govern until Edward was old enough to do so.

The most important changes of this reign were concerning religion. Archbishop Cranmer, Bishop Ridley, and other Reformers were employed in making a Prayer-book for the Church, which book was nearly the same as the one now used. Many Church laws were altered, and those Roman Catholics who would not join the Reformers were punished; for in those days, as you read in the last reign, people were mistaken enough to fancy it right to persecute their neighbours on

account of their religion. Cranmer on one occasion brought to the young king a paper to sign, containing an order that a poor woman should be burned, because she was an Anabaptist. Edward could not bear signing it, cried, and refused, but Cranmer at last persuaded him into it.

It is hard to say what sort of king Edward would have made, for he died at the early age of sixteen. He was fond of learning, and founded many Schools. Amongst others Christ's Hospital, or the Blue Coat School, where the boys wear a curious dress. Though the dress looks odd now, it was in Edward's reign worn by all boys as commonly as jackets and trousers are now.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARY, 1553—1558.

Married Philip of Spain.

Left no children.

Principal Event:—The Persecution of Protestants.

MARY was the eldest sister of Edward VI. She was a Roman Catholic, and therefore he had made a will, leaving the crown to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, who belonged to the Reformed Church. Lady Jane was young, and beautiful, and clever. She was also good and sensible—had too much sense indeed to desire a crown to which she had by birth no right. But her relations were ambitious people, and they at last talked her over, and she agreed to be made queen. Why then does not the name of Jane head this chapter instead of that of Mary? Because Jane was never crowned. She

went to the Tower to await her coronation. Meanwhile Mary hastened to London, and was received as queen.

At first Lady Jane was kindly treated, although kept in prison; but a riot took place, the object being to make her queen, so she was accused of high treason, and beheaded. Her husband also was put to death, her father soon afterwards, besides about 400 people who had joined their side.

And then Queen Mary was crowned. Her reign is chiefly remarkable for the horrible persecution of those who had joined the Reformed Church. But when you read about this you must remember, as I told you a chapter or two back, that it is only in later days that people have found out that it is useless as well as wicked to ill-use those whose religion they think mistaken.

Also, there is another excuse for Mary besides that of ignorance. Her husband, Philip of Spain, was a very cruel man, and probably is a good deal to blame for the horrors that disgraced her reign. In Spain no amusement was thought better than burning "heretics," as Protestants were called, and the king and his court would all go and enjoy the sight. Small wonder, then, that Mary, having such a husband, thought it only right to follow his example. In her short reign more than 300 people were burned because they would not become Roman Catholics. They were of all ranks, as well as of all ages.

The most celebrated martyrs were the Bishops Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. These three men were asked to "recant," — that means that they would change their religion. Ridley and Latimer were coura-

geous men. Latimer had once been a Roman Catholic. He had joined the Reformed party, and now no threat of the queen could make him deny his faith. Ridley felt with him. But Archbishop Cranmer was a more cowardly man.

It is a curious thing that those who persecute can seldom bear persecution. The boy in your school who is the greatest bully, is sure also to be the greatest coward. Ask him to fight one of his own size, and see how he will look! You remember how Cranmer had teased King Edward into having a woman burned because she was an Anabaptist. When Cranmer was asked to recant, he agreed, thinking thereby to save his life. Up he went to the queen with a written recantation in each pocket, intending to use whichever he thought best at the time. He read one, and then the queen said, "No, it would not do. She was glad he had recanted, but he must still be burned."

He was taken to church to hear a sermon preached to him, this being part of the form always observed before an execution. He was then ordered to read his recantation. But to the astonishment of those present, instead of speaking against the Reformed religion, he attacked the Roman Catholic, and with steady voice declared that in one point he had sinned, and that was in having ever thought of saving his life by professing to be a Romanist when at heart he was not one. Cranmer was burned, and when he came to the fire, he put in his right hand, exclaiming, "This hand has sinned" (because he had written the recantation with it). The terrible persecution only ended with Mary's reign.

The English in this reign lost the town of Calais, much to the queen's grief, who said that when she died, Calais would be found written on her heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

ELIZABETH, 1558—1603.

Principal Event:—Loss of the Spanish Armada.

WE have often heard about the “glorious days of good Queen Bess.” And in many ways Elizabeth's was a glorious reign. Certainly she left her country much better off than she found it. There were endless rejoicings when she came to the throne, bonfires, and the like.

All the burnings and persecutions suffered by the Reformed party had done little to lessen their numbers, and the people of England were for the most part inclined to dislike the Roman Catholic Church. Elizabeth had had rather a hard life as a girl. Her religious opinions were the same as those of her brother Edward; and, on this account, she had passed much of her time in prison.

One of the jailers, who had been specially unkind to her, was afraid that she might when she became queen take some notice of his past conduct. But Elizabeth only said, that a lion did not revenge himself upon a mouse, and such small game,—meaning that it was beneath a queen to revenge herself upon a jailer.

Elizabeth was a very clever, accomplished woman;

cleverer than many men. She was not handsome, but very fine-looking at the time she came to the throne, when she was about twenty-six years old. But the knowledge of her cleverness, and the admiration she received, made her very vain—vainer than most women.

Elizabeth's nearest relation was her cousin Mary, who was Queen of Scotland. Mary got on very badly with the Scotch. She had been educated in France ; her first husband had been a French prince ; and Scotland seemed dull, and its inhabitants heavy and disagreeable, after she had been so long accustomed to merry France, and to all the amusements of the French people. So she did nothing but quarrel with the Scotch, who hated her ; till at last things came to such a pass that she left Scotland, and came to England. Elizabeth said that she would receive her kindly ; but, instead of that, she shut her up in prison for eighteen years. At the end of that time, Mary was suspected of plotting to get the throne of England, and Elizabeth, therefore, ordered her to be beheaded.

In the year 1588 Philip of Spain, Elizabeth's brother-in-law, who was, as you know, a Roman Catholic, declared war upon England. He was so sure of success that he put a quantity of instruments of torture on board his ships, that they might be handy to persecute the Protestants as soon as he had got the kingdom. He collected a large fleet, which was called the Spanish Armada, and it set sail for England. But a heavy storm came on, and the vessels were so injured that they had to put back, and could not be brought out again. This joyful news came to Elizabeth on Michaelmas Day, when

she happened to be eating roast goose for dinner. From that day to this many people have kept up the custom of dining upon goose at Michaelmas. So every one but a goose ought to remember the destruction of the Spanish Armada with delight.

I said that Elizabeth was vain ; and, as she grew older, she liked nothing more than to have people constantly telling her how good, and clever, and beautiful she was. One of her favourite flatterers was the Earl of Leicester. She used to go and stay with him, at his beautiful castle of Kenilworth, where he spent enormous sums in receiving her with great pomp. Plays used to be acted before her, in which the actors all had to make long speeches, praising her for many virtues, and for much beauty.

After a time the queen got rather tired of Leicester, and took a fancy to a handsome young lad, the Earl of Essex. Essex was a pleasant, but rather silly boy ; and Elizabeth, thinking it likely that he might, from youth and giddiness, get into some scrapes, gave him a ring, and said to him, " If ever you get into trouble, send me that ring, and I will help you."

Elizabeth soon grew so fond of her new favourite that she sent him to Ireland to govern the people there. Essex had not sense enough for such a difficult position, and he made so many blunders that he was recalled to England. There he got into great disgrace and trouble, and was sentenced to be beheaded. Elizabeth did not worry herself much about him, for every day she expected him to send her the ring. But it did *not* come, and the day fixed for the execution *did*. Elizabeth decided that

Essex was too proud to send the ring, and she would not ask for it, and so he was put to death.

A year afterwards the Countess of Nottingham, an old lady, being on her death-bed, sent to ask the queen to visit her. Elizabeth went, and the Countess confessed that Essex had asked her to give the ring to the queen, and that she had not done so because her husband and Essex were not on good terms. The queen shook the dying lady violently, exclaiming, "God may forgive you, but I never can," and then rushed from the room and went to her palace. There she lay upon the floor for several days, refusing all food and comfort of any sort, and died on the 24th March, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age, having reigned nearly forty-five years.

In this reign potatoes and tobacco were first brought to England, and the first English newspaper printed. How different a place England would be now, if we had no potatoes, no tobacco, and no papers!

CHAPTER XXVI.

JAMES I., 1603—1625.

Married Anne of Denmark.

Children:—Henry, Charles, and one daughter, Elizabeth, who was the grandmother of George I.

Principal Event:—Union of the Crowns of Scotland and England.

If Queen Elizabeth had had any children it is probable that Scotland and England would never have been ruled by the same king. But her nearest relation was James, King of Scotland, the son of the Queen of Scots, who

had been beheaded. And what sort of a man was this first King of England, Scotland, and Ireland? He was rather good, but thought himself better than he was. He was rather clever, but not quite as clever as he believed himself to be. When he was a boy his tutor was accused of having made him a *pedant*—that is, a rather dry sort of scholar, fond of very hard words. The tutor replied, “It was the best he could make of him.”

James, before he became King of England, had tried to get the Scotch to belong to the English Church, and to have bishops. However, the Scotch would not hear of it, and so James pretended that he was quite as well pleased as if he had got his way, and at a meeting of the Church Assembly said he praised God that he was king of the sincerest Kirk in the world. He was a superstitious man, and believed in witchcraft. He ordered many people to be killed who were accused of it.

I wonder if you know what that long word *superstitious* means? And I wonder still more whether there is a superstitious boy or girl in the class? A superstitious person means one who will easily believe any kind of silly story, like the tales told by fortune-tellers. There are many superstitious people in England still, but not as many as there were. Superstitious people believe in charms and warnings, and lucky and unlucky days. Now the more ignorant people are, the more superstitious they are likely to be.

In James's reign anything out of the common way was put down to witchcraft. If a woman's children were ill, instead of thinking that they had eaten too much, or had caught cold, she would say that some

one had bewitched them, and perhaps some innocent old woman would be called a witch and thrown into a pond. People are not *quite* so foolish nowadays, but there is a good deal of nonsense believed still. There are folks who are afraid to go through a churchyard at night, or who fancy if they hear a cricket chirp that it is a sign that some one in the house is going to die.

But to return to James. He did not make a very good king. He was over anxious for power and too fond of his own way. In his reign a most wicked plot was made to blow up the king and all the men in the Houses of Parliament. I have no doubt that many of you sing once a year—

“Remember, remember,
The fifth of November,”

and are glad of an excuse for a holiday, and fireworks, and a bonfire, let alone the fun of burning a guy. But, my dear friends, you cannot *remember* a story which you never heard! So listen now, and you will be able to sing your chorus next November all the better.

It was determined by some wicked people, as I said, to put the king and all his chief advisers to death. I do not know who first thought of gunpowder, but at last it was settled that barrels of it should be put under the Houses of Parliament on a certain day, when it was known that the king, his family, and most of the members of the House would be present. The plan was to set these barrels on fire, and thus to blow up the Houses of Parliament and every one inside them.

Perhaps you think this plot so terribly wicked that in these days there is no danger of the like. But

when people are blinded by passion there is no saying what they will do. When the Fenians, not long ago, tried to blow up Clerkenwell Prison, they were not so very unlike the plotters of James I.'s time. But the gunpowder plot was discovered; for a gentleman who was going to the House received a letter, he did not know from whom, for it was not signed, warning him that there would be *secret, sudden danger* in the House.

He took the letter to the king. James read it, considered what it could mean, and suddenly thought of gunpowder. It was settled that the vaults under the Houses should be searched. Some men were sent off to do this, and there they found Guy Faux, a man employed by the plotters, waiting by the barrels with a lanthorn in his hand, ready to set light to the powder. And this is why you have burned Guy Faux from that day to this, or at least your fathers and great-grandfathers have. James reigned twenty-two years.

In his reign the translation of the Bible was made which we now use.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLES I., 1625—1649.

Married Henrietta Maria of France.

Children:—Charles, James, Henry, and four daughters.

CHARLES seems to have been one of those people who, though generally anxious to do what is right, imagine that every one who does not quite agree with them is wicked.

He loved the Church of England ; therefore he tried to make all his Scotch subjects love it too. And when they said they could not bear it, he tried to force them to belong to it all the same.

When he came to the throne a war was going on with Spain, and because he thought it a wise one, he was vexed that his subjects did not like it well enough, to be glad to pay heavier taxes while it continued.

Charles's wife was not very wise either. She was a Roman Catholic, and though she had a right to go to her own church as often as she pleased, she ought to have let other people alone. On one occasion she and her maids passed through a Protestant Church, making such a row and bustle, that the preacher, by way of a hint, stopped, and asked if he should continue his sermon. But in a few minutes the queen and her maids came back again, making just as much noise as before.

Charles and his ministers did nothing but quarrel with the Parliament. One Parliament after another was dissolved. At last the people got furious, and insisted upon Charles's two principal advisers being thrown into prison. These were Earl Strafford, a great friend of the king's, and Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. Strafford had offended the people by taking the king's part through thick and thin, and Laud, by trying to force Dissenters to belong to the Church. Strafford was found guilty, and condemned to death ; but the warrant for his execution had to be signed by the king. Considering that Strafford's only crime was that of being too good a friend, it is hard to excuse Charles's signature. Strafford himself wrote him a letter urging him to sign, saying

that perhaps the people would be appeased by his death. Charles hesitated for many days, finally signed it, and seems to have repented during the rest of his life.

Laud was also put to death, but not for some time afterwards. Fresh quarrelling and discontent followed, and at last a civil war broke out. That is, a war between two parties in the same country. Those who joined the king were called Cavaliers, from an old word meaning knight or gentleman; those who joined the Parliament were named Puritans, because they said they wanted to improve the country (make it purer), and Roundheads, because they had a fancy for cutting their hair very close, it being the general fashion at that time to wear it long. At the head of this set was Oliver Cromwell, the son of a brewer.

One battle after another was fought, and the hatred between Puritans and Cavaliers got stronger and stronger. One Puritan preacher told his congregation that they had better sell their Bibles and buy guns with which to fight against the king. This same man stood by the scaffold when Archbishop Laud was being put to death, and laughed at him.

At last the Puritans began to gain the day, and Charles after many battles was taken prisoner. He was imprisoned in Hampton Court. He escaped, was caught again, and sent to Carisbrook Castle, near Newport, in the Isle of Wight. Here he tried to escape; but did not succeed. Finally, he was brought to London, and tried for "high treason." High treason means plotting against the king. A king could not plot against himself, so the name was absurd. But it served the Puritans' purpose.

All through his misfortunes Charles behaved well. He was patient and gentle to all. One day as he passed to his trial a soldier begged for his blessing. His officer immediately struck him. "Methinks," said Charles, "the punishment exceeds the offence."

After seven days' trial the king was sentenced to be beheaded. And in his death he showed a resolution, courage, and energy which had been wanting to him in his life. He was allowed to say good-bye to his children, and taking his third son on his knee, said, "Mark, my child, what I say to you. They'll cut off my head, and perhaps want to make you king; but, remember, you are not to be king while your brothers Charles and James are alive." The little boy burst into tears, and said, "I'll be torn in pieces first."

On the morning of the 30th January, 1649, Charles was beheaded outside a window at Whitehall. Bishop Juxon, a very good man, who had been reading and praying with him all the morning, went with him to the scaffold. "I go," said the king, "to exchange a corruptible for an incorruptible crown." He then laid his head upon the block, but just before the axe fell he turned to Juxon and said, "Remember." It is not known to what he referred. He prayed for his enemies, declared himself a member of the Church of England, and so ended a somewhat weak life by a noble death.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COMMONWEALTH, 1649—1660.

THE meaning of the word wealth, as we now use it, is riches. When we hear of a wealthy man, we think of the sovereigns jingling in his pockets, of his good clothes, his fine horses, his smart carriages, his splendid house. But the meaning of the word wealth was not always that which we now attach to it. *Wealth* years ago (in the year 1649, for instance) meant *weal* or prosperity, or happiness.

Now, having explained the *last* syllable of the compound word which heads this chapter, we will have a talk about the *first*. A common thing means something which can be used by everybody—which is common to all. A common language is a language spoken by all. A *common* is an open space where any one and every one has a right to go. And the word *Commonwealth* means the happiness or prosperity of *everybody*. Surely then, when we hear people talk of “the good old times” they must mean the time of the Commonwealth; and what a pity that it only lasted eleven years!

But perhaps when you have read this chapter, you will see that, when everybody is to be pleased, sometimes it ends in *nobody* being pleased. However, we will begin our story, for fear this long bit about words and their meaning should have made you yawn.

Clever, ambitious Oliver Cromwell did not choose, after the murder of Charles I., to call himself king. It

did not suit him to do so, for fear he should be accused of having got rid of Charles to get the place himself. So he said he only desired the commonwealth or general happiness of the people; and that, as to be happy they would need protection, he would be called the *Lord Protector*.

The people's first idea of a commonwealth was to do whatever they liked. But this notion of theirs did not suit Cromwell. He soon allowed them less liberty than they had had under any of their kings. The Puritans were, as you know, specially bitter against any one who belonged to the Church of England, which they hated nearly as much as they did that of Rome. On one occasion some Puritan soldiers marched into Church just as the clergyman was about to read prayers; and one of them held a pistol to his throat, saying he should be shot there and then, if he read the Prayer-book. The clergyman replied, "I will do my duty as a clergyman, and you can do whatever you think yours, as a soldier." The Puritans were ashamed, and left the good man alone.

Oliver ruled with a strong hand. He was beloved by the soldiers, for he was a good general; but hated by the rest of the people. Once when his Parliament displeased him, he went down to the house with his soldiers, and turned the members out, calling them a parcel of fools, then locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

Some of the Irish rebelled against him, joining the party of Charles I.'s son, who was making various attempts to obtain his throne. The Irish were de-

feated, and severely punished. At last Prince Charles was beaten at a battle fought near Worcester, which made Oliver's position secure.

But though it was safe, as far as his power went, he had not a happy life. He constantly dreaded that he should be murdered ; he even slept in armour. His own daughter turned against him, and upbraided him for the death of the king. He had made a great show of religion all his life, having had many religious phrases and much good talk at his tongue's end. He generally said that what he did was for God's glory ; though, to other people, it often looked very like his own interest. When severe illness came upon him, he was frightened, and at first declared that he was not going to die. When convinced that he could not recover, he begged that his eldest son might succeed him as Protector.

The night of Oliver's death was marked by a fearful thunderstorm, to which superstitious people attached great meaning. Richard Cromwell was very unlike his father. He was timid, and not very wise, excepting indeed that he had wisdom enough to see that the place of Protector was too hard for him, and he gave it up. The people then joyfully called upon Charles II. to come and rule them, and thus ended the so-called *Commonwealth*.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHARLES II., 1660—1685.

Married Catharine of Portugal.

CHARLES II. was the son of Charles I., who had been beheaded by Oliver Cromwell. Charles II., when a lad, had been sent to Scotland. The Scotch had disliked his father, and lost no opportunity of abusing him to his son. Even when Charles went to the kirk on Sundays, he was sure to hear a great deal against kings in general, and his dead father in particular. The Scotch ministers pray extempore. One reason they had disliked Charles I. was that he had tried to oblige them to use the English Prayer-book, and to have their ministers ordained by bishops.

But in those days, on all sides, there was far too much of politics introduced into the sermons. Whether these Scotch services gave Charles a dislike to religion, or how it was, I do not know, but he turned out a bad man. He professed to be a member of the Church of England, but did not seem to care about religion at all; and after his death it was declared that he had been a Roman Catholic. Before the people of England begged him to come to take his father's crown, he lived on the Continent; but before getting there he had many hair-breadth escapes from his enemies, Oliver and his soldiers. Once he was hidden in an oak-tree, while they hunted below it without discovering him.

It was in 1660 that the English people (after Oliver's

death) begged Charles to return. There were great rejoicings when he reached London. However, he did not do much good when he got there, for he was careless and extravagant, caring chiefly for his own pleasure, although he could be good-natured when it was not too much trouble.

During this reign there was a dreadful disease in London, called the plague. It was so terribly catching that every infected house was marked with a red cross on the door, and the words, "Lord! have mercy on us," in order to prevent people entering. At last, the disease got so fearfully bad, that it was impossible to bury the people who died, as at other times. Every night a cart went through the streets, with a man walking in front of it, tinkling a small bell, and crying, "Bring out your dead." Dead bodies were then put without coffins into the cart, and thrown into trenches dug outside the walls of the city. No clergyman was allowed to read the service, nor any mourners permitted to follow, for fear of infection.

The year afterwards there was a great fire in London, which destroyed more than thirteen thousand houses and eighty-nine churches, including St. Paul's Cathedral. However, though the fire did so much harm, it also did some good, for it put an end to the plague, by burning up dirty streets and close alleys, out of which it would have been impossible to get the infection.

In this reign we have the first mention of public concerts. This is the account of one. "A rare consort of 4 trumpets. If any person desires to come and hear it, they may repair to the Fleece Tavern, about 2 o'clock, any day except Sundays. Every consort shall continue

one hour, and so begin again. The best places are One shilling, the others 6d."

Charles II. died at Whitehall Palace, rather suddenly, in 1685.

CHAPTER XXX.

JAMES II., 1685—1688.

Married, first, Anne Hyde; secondly, Maria Beatrice of Este.
Children:—Mary, Anne, daughters of Anne Hyde; James Francis Edward, son of Maria of Este; and one daughter who died.

JAMES came to the throne upon the death of his brother, Charles II., in the year 1685. He was our last Roman Catholic king.

Very soon after his accession a young nobleman, called the Duke of Monmouth, rebelled against him. Monmouth, having collected an army, landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, on the 14th June, 1685. He was a very popular man; and James had never been liked, even before he was king. So, many country people joined Monmouth's party, and he was proclaimed king at Taunton, in Somersetshire. James sent an army against the rebels. In the first battle his troops were routed; but in the second they were successful. Monmouth, who was rather a coward, ran away, and hid in a ditch. Here he was found by some of the king's soldiers.

He begged them to let him go; but they, of course, refused, and brought him as a prisoner to London. There he was sentenced to be beheaded. He begged as a great favour to be allowed to see James, and the king granted this request, but did not grant his next, which was, as

you may suppose, that his life should be spared. James saw Monmouth, heard his passionate, almost abject, entreaties, and then refused them.

The next thing done was to send a judge into Somersetshire to try the ignorant country people there, who either had helped Monmouth, or were supposed to have done so. The judge selected was a man named Jeffries. He was exceedingly cruel. His one wish seems to have been to hang as many people as possible. It is true there were trials ; but the witnesses, if they *had* a good word to say for the prisoners, were hardly allowed to speak, for Jeffries scowled and brow-beat them to such a degree that they became stupefied. An immense number of people were hanged ; and those who were only guilty of having given Monmouth's soldiers a little food were punished.

Soon after these events, James had a paper of laws written, giving great privileges to the Roman Catholic clergy. It was ordered that all Protestant clergymen should read this aloud on a certain day in the church after the prayers. Only 200 clergymen read the paper, which contained a great deal with which most Protestants disagreed.

Seven bishops were bold enough to write to the king, to tell him how wrong they thought him ; one of these brave men was Bishop Ken, who wrote the Morning and Evening Hymns that you know so well, "Awake, my soul," and "Glory to Thee." James was very angry, and ordered that the seven bishops should be imprisoned. They were sent by water from Whitehall to the Tower. The banks of the river Thames were

crowded with people, who rushed into the water to beg for the good men's blessing. Even the soldiers who were taking them to prison forgot their office as jailers, and asked for the prisoners' advice. The bishops told them to fear God and honour the king.

Soon afterwards the prisoners were tried and acquitted. James was reviewing his soldiers on Hounslow Heath when the news of the bishops' acquittal came. The soldiers set up a cheer. "What are they cheering for?" said James; and when he heard the cause he gloomily replied, "It will be the worse for them."

Time passed on, and James grew more and more unpopular with his subjects. He broke his promises and oppressed them, until they began to make plans for getting rid of him. And, at last, it was determined that if possible the throne should be given to his daughter Mary, who had married William Prince of Orange, a Protestant. Their schemes came to James's ears, and when he heard that Prince William was actually on his way to England he went off to France, not caring to stay and risk a battle.

TRELAWNEY.

Trelawney was one of the bishops committed to the Tower by James II.

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true ;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish men can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?
And shall Trelawney die ?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

CHORUS after each verse.

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die ?
There's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he :
Though London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'd set Trelawney free.
We'll cross the Tamar hand to hand,
The Severn is no stay ;
With one and all, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay ?

And when we come to London wall—
A pleasant sight to view—
“ Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all !
Here's men as good as you.”
Trelawney he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die,
But twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why.

R. S. HAWKES.

The music is to be found in “ A Garland of Songs,” edited by
the Rev. C. S. Bere.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WILLIAM (III.) AND MARY, 1689—1702.

WILLIAM III. was a Dutch prince, who had married Mary of England, the daughter of James II. When this king abdicated, William and Mary came to reign in his place, or rather the fact of their coming caused James's departure, as you saw in the last chapter. William was not a pleasing, though he seems to have been a clever and sensible man. Mary we must (to quote the words of an old historian) call "too bad a daughter and too good a wife," for she was so pleased at her husband becoming king, that she seems to have thought nothing about her poor old father, who had left his home in disgrace and misery, and when she entered his palace at Whitehall, she went dancing about from room to room, examining furniture, and turning up the beds to look at them, just as if she had been at an inn.

James II., after a time, was sorry that he had not tried harder to keep his throne. The Irish were then, as now, chiefly Roman Catholics, and naturally, therefore, it was from Ireland rather than from England that he expected help. Some of the Protestant Irish, however, took William's part; and I am now going to tell you the story of the most famous siege that ever took place in Britain or Ireland, the siege of Londonderry.

This city held out for 105 days against James's soldiers, who surrounded it, allowing no one to come in, as it was expected by these means to starve out the besieged. Even almost at the beginning of the time the soldiers were

obliged to eat horseflesh and tallow, and had not enough of either. Soon there came a dreadful famine, and the famine caused fever, which killed numbers of the people. The soldiers were so faint from hunger, that they could hardly stand up to fire the guns. Few even of the richest people could afford to buy a dog to eat. A paw of one cost 5s. 6d. A tiny fish caught in the river could not be bought for any money, but was exchanged for oatmeal. And still, through all this misery the brave people would not give in.

At last, just when a calculation had been made that in two days more every bit of food would be gone, help from England arrived. Ships laden with provisions forced their way in spite of all the enemy could do to prevent it, and the city was saved. Oh! the rejoicings! First were rolled ashore barrels of meal; then came great joints of meat, kegs of butter, and more food and more. No one went to bed that night. Every one was feasting, eating enough for the first time for weeks. And yet I think, through all the merry-making, there must have been some sad thoughts of the many brave men, and weak women, and hungry little children who had lain down and died a few days before from starvation.

A year after the siege of Londonderry there was a great battle fought at the river Boyne in Ireland, between William and James; or, rather, William and James's army, for James only looked on. The battle ended in William gaining the victory; and though after this time the war between the two princes did not end, there were no important conquests on either side. William kept the

crown safely, but could not succeed in catching James, as he wished.

In 1692 it was settled by William's Scotch advisers that a free pardon should be offered to all Scotchmen who, although they had at one time sided with James, were willing, on or before the 31st of December, to promise faithfulness to William.

One of the most famous Scotch rebels was a man named Mac Ian, the chief of a tribe. Mac Ian and his followers dwelt in a lonely, wild, solitary place called Glencoe. The people were as wild as their glen. They lived chiefly by robbing their neighbours of sheep and cattle, for they were so wild and ignorant that they thought there was no harm in such stealing. Mac Ian dawdled about going to give in his submission, and it was not until the 31st of December that he set out to do so.

To his horror he found when he arrived at the appointed place that there was no sheriff (or magistrate) ready to hear him swear faithfulness. He hastened on to the next town where a magistrate could be found. But the roads and weather were bad, and in consequence Mac Ian's promise of submission to King William was not given until the 6th of January, six days too late. Unfortunately for him there were at the head of affairs in Edinburgh, three men who hated him bitterly. Most delighted were they when they found that he had not submitted at the right time, and most determined were they to punish him.

Their scheme was nothing less than this :—To kill everybody in Glencoe. But there were difficulties. If an army was sent into the place, the wild inhabitants would

make off at once into the mountains, climb where soldiers could not follow, and thus be saved. It was needful therefore to add treachery to cruelty.

And this scheme was devised. A few soldiers were sent to live with the Glencoe people as friends, to find out all the secret ways by which escape from the glen was possible. These soldiers were ordered on a certain morning to get up before daybreak, and to murder their hosts. The massacre thus begun by the visitors was to be finished by four hundred other soldiers, who were to be marched into the glen in the early morning.

All was arranged, but fortunately for the Glencoe people there was some muddle in the carrying out of this wicked plot. The four hundred fresh men did not arrive quite at the right time, and so a few of the inhabitants of the glen escaped. Still more than thirty men were slaughtered, and women and children were driven out to die in the snow. One little boy of twelve years old begged hard for mercy, but was killed. The Glencoe people had given their best food and best lodging to their enemies, and received them with true Scotch hospitality. All this went for nothing.

It is not exactly known whether William was answerable for this cruelty. It is certain that he signed the warrant for the massacre; probably he must have done so without proper consideration, and did not realise how cruel an act it was.

William died at Hampton Court, in the year 1702. His wife died before him, and they left no children.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANNE, 1702—1714.

Married George, Prince of Denmark.

Had several children, but none survived their mother.

ANNE was the daughter of James II., and the sister of Mary. She was a very dull woman, and she married a husband duller than herself. So you may suppose that everybody went to sleep, and that nothing of importance happened in this reign. But that would be a mistake, for a good deal happened in Queen Anne's time. Like many rulers, she made favourites. One of her chief ones was a girl named Sarah Jennings, who was one of her maids. Sarah, when she grew up, married a soldier named Lord Churchill, and I believe this fact caused much of the fighting in Queen Anne's reign.

But now I must tell you how a war arose. You must know that the King of France, Louis XIV., had been a great fighter in his youth, and though he was getting an old man, he kept on longing for more power, and more and more. Louis could no more help longing for more war than a drunkard can his longing for drink. If he did not get more land himself, he liked his relations to have it. There are many people now, who, like Louis, had rather have rich relations than poor ones.

In the year 1700—that was just two years before Anne became Queen of England—the King of Spain died, and left his kingdom to Louis. Louis gave it to his grandson. I do not see that he was to blame here. But there arose a fine riot in Europe. Some of the kings

of other countries agreed that Louis was getting a great deal too powerful, that there would be no end to him soon, and that they must join together to put him down. Austria, Holland, and other lands, united against France.

When Anne came to the throne there was much talking as to whether England should interfere, or remain neutral (that is, take neither side in the quarrel). However, Lord Churchill wanted war, and that was enough for Anne. So England joined the quarrel, and Lord Churchill got immense honour and glory. When he returned to England, after great successes, he was made Duke of Marlborough, as a reward. Soon afterwards he set off to the Continent again, and a great battle was fought at a place called Blenheim, in Bavaria. This was the most utter defeat of the French. Every one was afraid to tell Louis about it. But at last a lady, of whom he was very fond, broke to him that his troops could no longer be called invincible. (That long word means cannot be beaten).

Lord Churchill went home, and Queen Anne thought that she could not do enough for him this time. So she bought a great big bit of ground, and had a splendid house, as grand as a palace, built on it, which she called Blenheim, after the victory. This she gave to the Duke of Marlborough. Then came another victory at a place called Ramilies, and then more and more successes, till old England began to be much feared and admired.

Meanwhile the sailors on the seas were not in the least behind the soldiers on land. The most important sea conquest of the reign was Gibraltar, a very strong fortress to the south of Spain. The English did not

think much of this at the time, and hardly thanked the brave sailors who got it. Every one was too busy admiring Marlborough.

But Gibraltar mattered more to England really than the splendid victories of Blenheim and Ramilies. It is true that Gibraltar is not a big place; but some small places are important from their situation. Perhaps you would not care to have a rusty little key? *I* should, if it unlocked a big box full of all manner of nice things. Now Gibraltar is like a key that unlocks ever so many things that are pleasant to have.

Look at the map, and you will see that the narrow little Straits of Gibraltar lead into the big blue Mediterranean Sea. If any of the countries bordering on that sea—such as Italy, Spain, Turkey, &c.—are rude to old England, we can shut their ships up tight, by just sending a few sailors down to mind that they do not get through the Straits of Gibraltar. If those straits were not ours, and the Spaniards turned disagreeable, they might say that our ships should not go through them with things for sale in other countries. Now we send lots of ships through whenever we please, without having to ask anybody's leave.

Anne reigned twelve years, dying in the year 1714. She did one very good thing. You remember that Henry VIII. took a quantity of church money to which he had no right. Queen Anne gave a good deal of this back again. She put aside a large sum, the interest of which was to be given to poor clergymen. This money is not yet at an end, and goes by the name of "Queen Anne's Bounty."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GEORGE I., 1714—1722.

Married Sophia of Zell.

Children :—George Augustus, and one daughter.

IN some countries which are governed by a king the people choose whom he shall be. In others, the crown is hereditary—that is to say, it goes from father to son. Both plans have advantages and disadvantages. If the people always chose the best and cleverest man in the land as king, of course it would be a fine plan that the one who got most votes should reign. But it would be very difficult to find out who would make the best king, and it is likely that there would be a great deal of bribery ; and that at last the *richest*, and not the *best*, man would have the throne.

If the crown is hereditary, as is our English custom, of course there is some risk of having a stupid or bad king. But a stupid or bad king cannot, after all, do very much harm in England, because he, as well as his subjects, must obey the laws. There are several very good reasons for having the crown hereditary. One is that it saves quarrelling ; another, that our kings are educated for the throne. I mean that, when they are children, they learn all manner of things which are most likely to be of use to them when they become kings, just as boys intended for carpenters or shoemakers, or any other trade, begin to learn their business when they are young. And a third reason is, that a boy who has known all his life that he will some day

be a king, is not likely to have his head turned when he comes to the throne. Those who are born to grandeur and fine clothes and riches get used to them, and are not hurt by them. Those who become grand late in life often get disagreeable and conceited.

Now you have read enough history to know that, although for hundreds of years the crown of England has been called hereditary—that is, professing to go always to the right heir, there has often been quarrelling (as in the wars of the Roses) as to who was the right heir; and sometimes, for some reason or other, hereditary right has been set aside.

When James II. abdicated it was settled that the crown should go always to the next *Protestant* heir; and, therefore, when Queen Anne died, the throne did not go to her half-brother, James Edward, because he was a Roman Catholic, but was given instead to George, Elector or King of Hanover, who was the great-grandson of James I.

George I. was sent for from Hanover in a great hurry, but either he did not much care about the crown of England, or he felt sure of it, for it was six weeks before he landed at Gravesend. He seems to have been a rather disagreeable man, but to have had a good deal of pluck and determination.

He had a wife, but, having quarrelled with her, and shut her up in a castle some years before we have to do with his history, she never came to England.

George, when he first came over, was received quietly enough; but, unfortunately, he could not let well alone, and, because he fancied his ministers did not like him,

began by turning them out, and filling their places with men with whom he thought he should get on better. Of course those who lost their situations were vexed ; many people took their parts, and a great deal of rioting ensued.

The consequence of the rioting, and of George's punishment of it, was this—numbers of people began first to grumble at the king, and then to plot rebellion against him. In the year 1715 a Scotch nobleman, the Earl of Mar, collected an army, and proclaimed James Edward, the son of James II., king. Numbers of discontented Englishmen joined the Scotch, and the rebellion would have been serious, but, fortunately for George, his enemies began to quarrel among themselves. The result was that half the army dwindled away, and the other half was easily defeated.

George was now too severe, and made himself still more unpopular by his harshness. Several noblemen were put to death, some were led in chains through London to the Tower, and there imprisoned. Privates were shut up in a very close, unwholesome prison, where many died from bad air and bad food ; and a thousand men were spared only on condition that they went out to the colonies and became slaves.

George I. died in Germany, after having reigned in England eight years. He was never a popular king, and his one merit in the eyes of the people seems to have been that he was a Protestant.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GEORGE II., 1722—1760.

Married Caroline of Anspach.

Children :—Frederic, Prince of Wales ; William, Duke of Cumberland, who both died before their father ; and five daughters.

Principal Event :—Battle of Culloden.

GEORGE II. was the son of George I. About eighteen years after he became king there was a war in Flanders, in which the king, the Duke of Cumberland, and many of the troops were engaged. Now it happened that some Highlanders had, against their will, been forced to enlist in the king's army. They did not like it, and deserted. They were pursued, and persuaded to return to their regiment, but after they had done so, were punished. Three were hung as a warning to others, and the rest were sent into exile.

Now Highlanders are a very affectionate set of people, and the disgrace of these men was felt by all their race as a personal injury. So the Highlanders were ready to quarrel with the Government, when Charles Edward, the son of James Edward, of whom you read in the last chapter, made an attempt to drive George off the throne. Prince Charles landed in Scotland with only seven followers ; but before many days were over the Highlanders had flocked round him, until he had between three and four thousand men.

Then the English Government became frightened. The king was sent for from Germany, and soldiers went off to Scotland. The first battle fought between George II.'s

troops and Charles Edward's was at Prestonpans. There the king's men were entirely routed, and Charles Edward gained arms and plunder. He retired in triumph to Edinburgh, where he proclaimed his father king, and set up his court in an old palace called Holyrood. Here for six weeks he enjoyed himself, playing, as it were, at being king.

Meanwhile the people who sided with George were not idle. Thirty thousand pounds were offered to any one who would kill Charles Edward or take him prisoner. Charles Edward offered the same sum to any one who would deliver George into his hands. George's friends called Charles Edward the "young Pretender." They had nicknamed his father the "old Pretender." Charles would not own that George was King of England, and spoke of him only as the Elector of Hanover.

But soon the question was to be determined. In point of fact the quarrel, as far as the nation was concerned, lay between those who wished to have a Protestant king and those who wished to retain hereditary monarchy. George was a Protestant, but had not the best right, as far as birth went, to the throne. James Edward, and next to him, his son Charles, *had* the best right to the crown, but they were Roman Catholics.

After living in Edinburgh for six weeks, Charles marched into England. The town of Carlisle submitted to him, the mayor offering him the keys of the city on his knees. The Highlanders, headed by the young prince, marched on, but a large army of English soldiers, well drilled and trained, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, was advancing against them. The Scotch

CHAPTER XXXV.

GEORGE III. (Son of Frederic, Prince of Wales), 1760—1820.

Married Sophia Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Children :—George, Prince of Wales; Frederick, Duke of York; William Henry, Duke of Clarence; Edward, Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria); Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland; Augustus Frederic, Duke of Sussex; Adolphus Frederic, Duke of Cambridge; two other sons who died in infancy; and six daughters.

Important Events :—Peace with America signed, 1783; Louis XVI. beheaded, 1793.

GEORGE III. was twenty-two years old when he became king. He succeeded his grandfather, George II., who had never very much liked England, as his youth had been spent in Germany. But George III. loved England, and was proud of being an Englishman. He was a very good man, and most anxious to make his people happy. But through his long reign, more from misfortune than from fault, England was almost constantly at war.

After George had reigned a few years, more money was wanted to keep up the expense of defending England against enemies, and so more taxes had to be paid. Taxes are the money given to the king to pay soldiers, sailors, policemen, and other people who take care of us. Taxes also pay for workhouses, prisons, and other necessary institutions. If we had no soldiers and sailors, the kings of other countries would make war upon us and ill-treat us. If we had no policemen, thieves would break into our houses, and perhaps kill us. If we had no workhouses, poor people who are too old and ill to earn their living might starve. If there were no prisons, wicked people who ill-treat their neighbours could not be kept

safely locked up. But as soldiers, sailors, and policemen must have wages, and as it costs a deal of money to build prisons and workhouses, taxes must be paid.

Now when George III. was king, a great deal of America belonged to England. Years and years before George was born, English people had gone to live in America. When people leave their own land, and settle in another, they are called emigrants, or colonists, and the place where they settle is called a colony. Now, of course, colonists would not be safe unless their friends at home looked after them a little. Colonists want soldiers and policemen to protect them, just as much as people who stay at home. But then, colonists, like their friends in England, should pay taxes. And it is fair that the richest people, who can best afford the money, should pay most.

Now George thought that the American colonists did not pay enough. He talked the matter over with his ministers, and it was settled that there must be some new taxes. One was to be upon tea. Now tea was a great deal dearer at that time than now, and so it seemed a wise plan to tax it, because only rich folks drank much tea in those days.

The colonists had been for a very long while away from England, and had got so used to America, that they did not care about their old country. But they did care about their money, and had no notion of giving the King of England more of it than they could help. So that when George said that higher taxes were to be paid, the Americans replied, "No; we do not want your help any longer, and had rather govern ourselves; and as for

paying a tax upon tea, we will throw it into the sea first." And so they did. The very next cargo of tea that was sent to America, the colonists threw into the sea for the fish to drink.

All this quarrelling led to a war between the English and the Americans. Sometimes the colonists were victorious, sometimes the king's troops; but, at last, the colonists got their own way, and have governed themselves ever since, under the name of the United States.

And now we must leave the affairs of England for a little while, to talk about some very near neighbours, the French. You all know how near France is to England. Only about twenty miles of sea separate us. Nothing can happen in one country without in some way influencing the other; and in George III.'s reign many English people were terribly frightened, lest we, like the French, should have a revolution. The word revolution means a change of government. And a revolution seldom can take place without much misery and bloodshed. I think we should have had a revolution in George III.'s time, if we had been oppressed, as the French had been, by a despotic monarch.

PART I.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN THE YEAR 1793.

THE French kings for many years before the Revolution had been too powerful; in fact, what are called despotic monarchs. They could do whatever they pleased. Perhaps you do not see much harm in a king having his own way. You would like to have *your own way*, and you

believe you would not do badly. But we find that wherever people have governed without any laws over them, they have almost always become selfish, unjust, and even cruel to those whom they dislike. This was the case with the French kings.

Our kings have to ask their people for every penny that they spend, and give an account of it. In France, King Louis XV. threw away enormous sums of money on bad men and women about his Court—money which was taken from the poor. The nobility and the clergy paid no taxes.

Louis was a man who had no religion, and made many bad men bishops and archbishops, till the lower orders lost all respect for those over them. When the king died, he left the kingdom deep in debt. Neither kingdoms nor private people can get on in debt. It takes all heart out of men.

The next king, Louis XVI., was the kindest and best-meaning ruler that France had had for years ; but he had been brought up to believe that everything was made for his service, and the beautiful young queen, who had married at fifteen, had been taught much the same. There was a bad harvest ; and owing to the heavy taxes, the poor became poorer still, and grew clamorous, because bread was so dear. The king could find no way of mending matters, but ordering the bakers to sell bread twopence a loaf cheaper.

Now, young as you are, I believe you are wiser than the poor French king, for you would see that if you took away the bakers' profits, they would bake no bread at all. When bread became very dear in England, we

took off the tax that used to be paid by all who brought corn from other countries. So wherever there is a good harvest, the corn can be sent off to our markets, and we shall, I hope, never again see the quartern loaf up to 1s. 6d., as it used to be, nor will your mothers be obliged to refuse you a good thick slice for your breakfast.

But in France things went on worse and worse. The king and queen were very sorry for their people, and gave away a great deal; but what was the use of that, for all they had to give was taken from the poor? At length, they began, as starving people will, to break into shops, and then to threaten the king; so he summoned a sort of Parliament to advise with him, but the members of Parliament had never been used to making laws, or calmly consulting for the good of the people. They thought that all the trouble came from the king's mismanagement, and that all power must be taken from him.

So they ordered him, and his queen, and children, to leave their splendid palace at Versailles, where they lived as our queen does at Windsor, and to come to the Tuileries, a palace in Paris. From that time they were, in fact, prisoners in the hands of a mob. A despotic king is a very bad governor; but there is one that is much worse, namely, an ill-educated, ignorant mob. People who join a mob get violent and unruly, will not listen to reason, and when angry and uncontrolled by sensible leaders, often behave more like mad dogs than rational beings. And this was the case with the people at Paris. They made the king and queen come out on the balcony to listen to their abuse. They sang the most dreadful songs in their hearing, they killed their faithful guards

and their most intimate friends, and stuck their heads on pikes and then held them up at the window, till the queen fainted with horror. They made the king go to the House of Assembly with a red cap on his head, which they called the "Cap of Liberty," and forced him to promise all sorts of impossible things. Louis XVI. was a weak man, that is, he had not the courage to say, "I won't; and now kill me, if you dare," as I hope you would in his circumstances. Perhaps they would have killed him all the same; but he would have been more respected.

At last, the king and queen were so frightened, that they thought they would run away in the night, and try to reach some other country. But their ideas of the grandeur needful for kings were their ruin. Louis thought that he must travel in a handsome carriage with servants, and the queen fancied she could not exist without her splendid dressing-case. All this attracted attention; they were found out and surrounded at Varennes, where they changed horses. There were faithful soldiers there, who wanted to fire on the people and dash through them; but the good-natured king could not bear to give orders that might cause the death of any of his subjects. And so the mob turned the horses round, and took the royal party back to Paris, insulting them all the way.

Soon afterwards, the king and queen, the king's sister, Princess Elizabeth, and his two little children, were sent to prison. There is a journal of all they had to bear from their cruel jailers in prison, which is enough to make one miserable. Day and night, rude,

vulgar people watched the Royal prisoners. Their only comfort was in being together, and so the jailers separated them, and tried to teach the children to be as wicked as themselves. It must have been a mercy to the king and queen when, after a sort of trial, they were put to death. Then the little boy was starved and ill-used, till he died. The little girl was allowed to live; and many years afterwards, when the king's brother, Louis XVIII., returned to reign, she came with him.

The king, queen, and the Princess Elizabeth had been put to death by the guillotine, an engine invented at that time. The victim puts his head, as it were, out of a window, and a sharp bar of steel shuts down upon him, and cuts it off. When the people had employed the guillotine in killing the gentle, kind king, whom they hated so, they began to quarrel with one another, and the quarrelling led to murder. It is said that some animals are never savage until they taste blood, but if once they do, nothing can tame them. The guillotine was going night and day, and the streets ran with blood; young girls and boys, quiet priests, very old people, none of whom had had anything to do with politics, were killed by hundreds. All who could leave France did so, and numbers came to England, Louis Philippe, a Royal prince, amongst the rest, who was glad to earn his living by giving drawing lessons and making baskets.

War was declared against France by other nations, which put a stop to the scenes of cruelty in Paris; but after all the people had gone through for what they thought liberty, they allowed a clever Corsican soldier, called Buonaparte, who was in their army, to get absolute

dominion, and to rule them with as little regard to law and justice as any of their kings. But his success in war pleased them, and they had found, as I before said, that one tyrant is better than many.

PART III.

CONTINENTAL WAR.

You read in the last part how a clever Corsican soldier, Napoleon Buonaparte, got the French to let him rule them. But he did not long rest contented with his power in France, and overran Europe, conquering wherever he went, either keeping the land gained himself or giving it to his relations. The English could stand it no longer, and sent out soldiers to fight on land, and sailors on the seas, to help the poor countries which were struggling in vain against the French power. So fighting went on at one and the same time both by sea and land. But as you cannot read about both at once, we will begin with an account of one of England's most famous sailors, Lord Nelson.

Nelson had always been brave, even when he was a child. It is said that he did not know what fear was. He early showed a desire to go to sea, and, long before he was grown up, was known as a most brave and clever sailor, and was early in life made an *admiral*. In one battle he lost an eye, in another an arm. After this poor Nelson felt quite discouraged, and fancied that no one would think of a one-armed and one-eyed admiral.

However, English people thought a great deal of Nelson, so much that they had no idea of doing without him, and considered, indeed, that Nelson with one eye could see

farther than most people with two eyes. He was again sent out in command of a fleet, and fought a great battle at the mouth of the Nile (in Africa). One of his officers said to him before the battle, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "We *shall* succeed," said Nelson; "who will live to tell the story is another matter."

Nelson got a painful wound, and the doctor came up to him, wanting to dress it. "No, no," said the admiral, "I will take my turn with my brave followers." However, to the great delight of all the sailors, the wound turned out not to be a bad one, and the admiral lived to tell the story of the victory of the Nile himself.

After being away three years from England, and having won much honour, Nelson returned. He was received with shouts of delight.

In 1805 he fought his last fight, and won his last victory. It took place off Cape Trafalgar. Before it began the admiral went into his cabin, and wrote this prayer:—"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."

The signal given for the battle to begin was, "England expects every man to do his duty." The admiral wore, as usual, his coat with different stars of honour on it. It was known that the enemy had a mean way of trying,

when they fired, to pick out the officers, and as it was pretty certain that Nelson would be specially aimed at, his sailors begged him to cover the stars on his coat. "No," said he; "in honour I gained them, in honour I will die with them." The battle began, and the firing was incessant on both sides. But one of the enemy's ships left off firing her large guns; and so Nelson, always humane, ordered that she should not be fired upon, as she seemed unable to defend herself. A ball sent from the mizen-top of the very vessel which he had spared, struck Nelson, and he fell. He was carried down-stairs, and it was at once seen that he could not live. Knowing that nothing could save him, he sent the doctor away, telling him to go where he could be of some use. Just before the brave admiral died, Captain Hardy, a great friend of his, came to tell him that the English had gained a complete victory. Then, and not till then, when he had asked many questions about the fight, did Nelson tell the captain that he knew he was dying, — adding, "Don't throw me overboard, but let me be buried by my parents, unless the king orders otherwise." Three hours and a quarter after he had been wounded, the hero died, saying, "Thank God, I have done my duty." The king did not allow Nelson to be buried by his parents in his country home. His body lies in St. Paul's Cathedral. He had a public funeral; and when his flag was going to be lowered into the grave, the sailors present seized it, and, tearing it up, divided it amongst themselves, that each might keep a relic of England's great naval hero.

While Nelson made the English ships and sailors feared, the soldiers on land were in nowise behind them.

On land our troops were commanded by a wonderfully clever general, Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards made Duke of Wellington. It is said he never lost a British gun. He fought against the French in one place after another, especially in Spain and Portugal. The war in these countries went by the name of the Peninsular War, because Spain and Portugal together form a peninsula. Here Wellington got one victory after another, and Buonaparte's power began to decrease. Still, English people were terribly frightened lest he should invade England. Everybody who possibly could, became a volunteer. Sailors watched our southern ports by day and night, and many towers or fortresses were built along our coasts; but the French did not come. Many little children in those days went to bed frightened, and lay awake trembling lest the French should arrive before morning. Still, by slow and sure degrees, Napoleon Buonaparte's power fell, and at last he gave up even France, and said he would live in the little island of Elba, as a private gentleman, giving no more trouble to any one. The crown of France was given to Louis XVIII., not much of a man, but the right heir. Europe was at peace the first time for many years. Great were the rejoicings of the allies, as those countries were called which had joined against Buonaparte. Numbers of English, who had been before afraid to travel, went abroad to see foreign lands. Many spent some time at Brussels.

And so, at last, the allies thought the war was over. The King of France was on his throne, and already felt enough at home to begin to quarrel with his subjects.

Meanwhile the Russians and Prussians wrangled a little about the division of the countries which had been saved from Napoleon's clutches. But suddenly a report got about that a little vessel, sailing from the island of Elba, had carried Napoleon Buonaparte as a passenger. That report was true. The Emperor Napoleon landed in France. At every place on the way to Paris numbers of his old soldiers joined him. It is curious that none had to buy new the three-coloured cockade which Napoleon's men had been accustomed to wear. Every man had kept his old one; for Napoleon was most popular among the soldiers whom he had so often led to victory. The increase of his army on his march to Paris was like the progress of a snowball, getting bigger as it moves on. The King of France left off quarrelling with his subjects, and ran away from them instead. The Russians and Prussians, instead of talking about how to divide their land, became anxious lest they should lose it. English volunteers again drilled, and little English children were again frightened. But days and weeks passed, and Napoleon did not leave France. All the better for the allies! They were glad to bide their time. An English army, under the Duke of Wellington, was quartered at Brussels, to await the coming of the French. During the peace, as I told you, many English families had travelled to the Continent, and Brussels was a very favourite place with them. So the soldiers, when they had nothing else to do, went in the evenings to parties given by their countrymen.

On the night of the 15th of June, 1815, an English lady gave a large ball, and many officers were present,

amongst others the great Duke of Wellington himself. He stayed until rather a late hour, was cheerful and pleasant as usual, and only the soldiers of the party knew that danger was near. In the middle of the night, when the ball-room lights were put out, and the guests who had been present, tired out with the pleasures of the evening, were dropping into their first sleep, bugle calls were heard. Regiment after regiment of English soldiers filed out of the town in order; for the news had come that the French were advancing. And on the 18th of June was fought the great battle of Waterloo. Napoleon and Wellington had never met before. Both sides fought splendidly—the French for glory, the English for their country. Probably the French would have gained the day, and England might at this moment have belonged to the Emperor of France, if the Prussians had not come up to the help of the English just in the nick of time. The French were utterly beaten. Napoleon, when he saw all was up, ran off. This time the allies would not trust Buonaparte, and when he was caught he was sent to St. Helena, a rocky little island in the Atlantic, and closely guarded until his death.

And all this time what part did George III. take? Poor man, victory or defeat did not matter to him. He had lost his senses, and the kingdom was ruled by his eldest son, who was called the Regent. Towards the end of his life the poor king became blind. He had been a very good man, fond of his country, kind to his subjects, a good father and husband. It is said that it was grief for the loss of one of his daughters which brought on his illness. He lived to be a very old man, and had, we

hope, not a very unhappy life. He wandered about a number of rooms set aside on purpose for him, and now and then played a few notes on a harpsichord—for he loved music. He died in the year 1820, at the age of nearly eighty-two, having reigned more than fifty-nine years.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GEORGE IV., 1820—1830.

Married Caroline of Brunswick.

Child, Charlotte.

GEORGE IV. became king in the year 1820; but he had really governed, as you know, for some time before this, on account of the state of his father's health. There is not much to tell of George IV. which it is pleasant to hear. He was called the first gentleman in Europe, and if fine clothes and spending a great deal of money make a gentleman, we cannot dispute his right to the title. But fine feathers will not make fine birds, and people who get into debt often do not care how much money they spend. George had got over head and ears in debt long before his father's death. On the whole, I do not know that he was the first gentleman in Europe, for it is true that

“No debtor's hands are clean
However white they be.
Who digs, and pays his way,
The gentleman is he.”

George cared so much about his dress that it was a hard matter to get a tailor who could please him. When

a new coat came home he used sometimes to tell one of his servants to put it on, that he might see whether it was smart enough. He married twenty-four years before he came to the throne. He had never seen his wife until she came to England to be married to him. He took a dislike to her at first sight, and she did not fancy him. However, the wedding took place, but after one year the prince and princess were separated, for they could by no means agree. As is the case in most quarrels, there were faults on both sides. George and his wife had only one child, the Princess Charlotte, a very clever, high-spirited girl. When she grew up, one prince after another wanted to marry her, in order to be the husband of the future Queen of England. But the princess was hard to please. She objected to one prince who had red hair and wore a green feather in his hat, because she said he was "like a carrot, red, with a green top." I suppose that she had really some good reason for refusing him; most likely because she had seen, from the sad case of her parents, the misery of a marriage without affection. However, at last, she liked a very excellent German prince well enough to marry him, and they were very happy. But at the end of a year the poor princess died, to the great grief of the English nation. Her mother lived until the year 1821. George IV. having reigned ten years, died at Windsor Castle, after a very long and painful illness.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WILLIAM IV., 1830—1837.

Married Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen.

Had two children, who died in infancy.

WILLIAM IV. was brother to the last king. He was a popular, free-spoken man, who, having been a sailor in his youth, kept all through his life a sailor's open ways. Not much of importance happened during the seven years of his reign, excepting the passing of a bill called the Reform Bill (you can hardly understand what this was about, excepting that many alterations were made respecting the places which were entitled to send members to Parliament), and a law being made forbidding slaves in the British dominions. Perhaps the following piece of poetry will make you understand better than any explanation what is meant by this.

In this reign cholera first appeared in England. It has always been difficult to find out exactly what produces this dreadful disease, but bad water seems the most general cause. Therefore, in hot weather, it is a good plan to boil all water before you drink it, which makes it quite safe. King William had an excellent wife, who did a great deal of good, and lived until the year 1849. William died in 1837, and was succeeded by our present queen, the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent. You will read of one dreadful war that took place in Queen Victoria's reign in the next chapter.

THE LITTLE BLACKAMOOR.

Ah, the poor little Blackamoor!—see, there he goes,
Without any shoes on his half-frozen toes!
His legs are so thin, you can almost see his bones,
As he goes, shiver, shiver, all along on the stones.

He was once a merry boy, and a happy boy was he,
Playing all outlandish games by the tall palm-tree;
Or bathing in the river, like a brisk water-rat,
And at night sleeping sound on a little bit of mat.

There came wicked people who stole him far away—
Then good-bye to palm-tree tall, and his merry play;
They took him from his home and everybody dear,
And now, poor little boy! he's come a-begging here.

But fie upon the cruel folks that did this wicked thing,
I wish some mighty nobleman would go and tell the
king.

To steal him from his happy home must be a crying sin,
Though he be a little negro boy, and has a sooty skin.

I've heard a pretty story, I'll tell it you, my dear,
'Tis true as well as beautiful, and does one good to hear,
About the little negro boy, and many many more,
But not about the cruel things I told you of before.

For thousands upon thousands of good people in the
land
Did write some pretty letters that the king might under-
stand,

And sent them up to Parliament to beg that they would do
As Jesus Christ had told them—"as they would be done
unto."

They prayed them just to make a law, that no such thing
might be,
But everybody, black or white, should after that be free ;
For God had made us all alike, and all to Him belong,
And stealing men and women, we are certain must be
wrong.

So on the First of August, eighteen hundred thirty-four,
We told the poor black people we would serve them so no
more ;
We "did as we'd be done unto"—which is so very clear,
And that's the pleasant story which it does one good to
hear.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Look at the map, and you will see that Russia is by far
the largest country in Europe. In Asia you will find an
enormous piece of land called Siberia, which also belongs
to Russia. Now it often happens that when people have
got a great deal they wish for more. And this was the
case with the Russian Emperor Nicholas, in the year 1853.
Besides Siberia and Russia, he had got part of Poland, a
country lying to the west of Russia, and he set his heart
upon having Turkey also. Being a despotic monarch, he
could do just as he liked without consulting his people.

Now it would never do for one country to get much more powerful than all the other kingdoms of Europe. So England and France agreed that if Russia took possession of Turkey, something must be done to keep what is called the balance of power. The balance of power means keeping the principal powers or kingdoms of Europe pretty equal. The English and French felt exactly what you ought to feel if you see a big lad ill-treating a little one. What you should do in such a case would be first to ask the big boy to leave off, and if he refused to do so, why then you should make him. And you should do this for two reasons. First, from good nature; and, secondly, to keep the big lad from turning upon you after he has done with the little one. This is exactly what the English and French did about the Russians. Well, the Emperor of Russia would not leave the Turks alone, and so England and France went to war with him. Now look at the map again. To the south of Russia lies a little peninsula called the Crimea. Very few people knew much about that peninsula in the year 1853. In the year 1855 all Europe was talking of the Crimea. In that peninsula is a little stream of reddish water called the River Alma. Hardly any English children in the year 1853 could have found the Alma on the map. In the year 1855 English and French children had heard as much about the Alma as about the Thames or the Seine. There is a broad plain in the Crimea called Inkermann. In the year 1853 it was not more famous than any green common in England. That plain became famous in the same year, and for much the same reasons, as the River Alma.

Now I want you to remember two things—first, that the English, French, and Turkish armies were called the Allies, because they were allied or joined together ; and, secondly, that the Allies wished to take a strong Russian fort called Se-bas-to-pol ; for, if they could, the war would be ended. The Allies landed in the Crimea in the spring of 1855. It was forty years since English soldiers had had much fighting. Indeed, some folks said they would manage badly in war, and that they were more fit to parade in time of peace than to bear the hardships of a campaign. However, this was a mistake. Soon after the arrival of our troops in the Crimea they had to cross the little River Alma ; on the other side of this river are some mountain heights where Russian soldiers were stationed, who fired on our men as they crossed the river ; but neither English nor French were to be beaten back. With many a loud cheer they waded through the stream, climbed the heights, seized the Russian guns, and so won the battle of Alma. What rejoicings there were in England when the news came ! Many people thought that Sebastopol was taken, and that the war would be ended. Church bells were set ringing, and children were christened Alma in memory of the famous victory. But in many English and French homes there was first anxiety and then grief. Anxiety to know the names of the men who had fallen, and then deep sorrow. There is not space in this chapter to tell of all the hard fighting that went on in the Crimea for days and weeks together. The hardest and dullest work was that in the trenches. The trenches were very deep ditches made to give protection to our men. Three days and nights our men were at work without the

honour and excitement which a battle gives. One of our splendid actions was the Balacava Charge, when six hundred of our cavalry dashed up to the Russian guns which were in front and on each side of them. Very few of the six hundred returned to tell of that charge; nearly five hundred fell. There was some mistake in the order which caused this dreadful loss of life. But our English soldiers preferred losing their lives to their honour, and the name of the Balacava Charge will never be forgotten while the Crimean war is remembered. After some time another action took place. This time the battle was on the plain of Inkermann. The Allies were victorious.

A field of battle is a terrible sight the day after an engagement. During the fight, smoke, and dust, and excitement keep the men from seeing much of the horrors of war. But the day after, when smoke and dust are over, it is most terrible to see the heaps of dead and wounded men.

It is said that the Russians were sometimes cruel enough to fire upon the English and the French when they were attending to the wounded and burying the dead. Those who were able to be moved were taken to a hospital at Scutari, but many died on the battle-field, and others on their road to the hospital. The winter of 1855 was a very severe one, and quantities of warm clothes and comforts were sent out to the soldiers from England. By some bad management, however, most of these things never reached our men, or reached them too late to be of any use. The officers had to put up with hardships just like the common soldiers. One young nobleman, twenty years of age, who had hardly left his father's home, expecting to go to Eton, wrote to his mother that he had to

keep three horses, but was so short of food for them that they were eating each other's tails, and that he had but one shirt, which he washed in the river. Yet he was very happy, and would not for the world have returned until the fight was over. If the well fared ill, the invalids were still more to be pitied. The hospitals were wretched. Gradually the news of all this mismanagement reached England, and many plans were suggested for making things better. At last a lady, named Florence Nightingale, who had had much experience in nursing, begged to go to Scutari with a band of trained nurses. Many people laughed at her, many more said that the thing was impossible, but Miss Nightingale and the nurses went; and to them many a soldier owes his life. Miss Nightingale put the hospitals into such capital order, that the men were more comfortably nursed than they could have been in their own homes, for she was not only an excellent nurse herself, but taught the women under her to be skilful and clever too. At last, in the year 1855, Sebastopol was taken and peace made. There were great rejoicings in England when our men returned. London was illuminated, and the queen gave medals with her own hand to the bravest of our soldiers. Large sums of money were collected and schools founded, where the orphans of Crimean soldiers were educated and maintained, to show our gratitude to the brave men who had fought for England.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade !
“Charge for the guns !” he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !”
Was there a man dismay’d ?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley’d and thunder’d ;
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

TENNYSON.

THE CRIMEAN MEDALS.

A BRILLIANT crowd had gathered
To see a stirring sight ;
I stood and gazed amongst them,
On that scene of life and light.
Our gracious queen had summoned
The brave Crimean band,
That each might take his medal
From her own right-royal hand.

It was a glorious morning,
And all the world seemed bright ;
Aye, e'en those wounded soldiers
Who had lived through deadly fight.
Colours waving on the breeze
To music's martial sound ;
Horsemen proudly dashing by
'Mid the cheers of all around.

I saw the sunshine streaming,—
It did not reach my heart ;
I heard the music swelling,
And turned to weep apart.
I saw the stately pageant,
But my thoughts were far away ;
They had wandered to a grave
Where a brave young soldier lay.

I had a brave young brother,
Our darling and our pride ;

He, too, had won his medal—
But he died ! my brother died !
And the light of those bright eyes
Is quenched for evermore ;
And his grave's unmarked, unknown,
On that far Crimean shore.

Oh, his heart's light pulse is stilled,
Never to beat again ;
The stirring call to battle
For him must sound in vain.
And those who made an idol
Of that brave soldier boy,
May only cherish memories
Which death can ne'er destroy.

I know he died for glory !
But what is glory now
To those who vainly yearn to press
Fond kisses on his brow ?
And I seem to hear his voice—
That voice for ever hushed,
As he told me of high hopes—
Those hopes for ever crushed.

He went forth from us bravely,
Strong in his youthful might,—
Strong in his love of country,
To battle for the right.
We shall have his Alma medal—
Alas ! 'tis but a toy ;

The sisters mourn their brother,
The mother mourns her boy.

The multitude are cheering
Some soldier true and brave ;
My thoughts are resting sadly
On my young brother's grave.
My weary heart has wandered
Far from this glittering scene
To the spot where *he* lies buried,
Who died for Britain's Queen.

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER I.

Towns of the Ancient Britons were only clusters of huts, fortified by a row of felled trees, and a deep ditch.

Christianity.—Introduced into Britain, it is supposed, about A.D. 60. The first church was built at Glastonbury, about A.D. 70. It was 60 feet long, and constructed of straw and wickerwork.

Persecution.—In 303, Diocletian, the emperor of the Western portion of the Roman dominions, being a Pagan, sent orders to the Viceroy in Britain to compel all Christians, under pain of death, to sacrifice to the gods. The persecution lasted nine years, during which time about 17,000 Christians suffered martyrdom. Bibles were burned in the streets, and priests killed. A Pagan, named Alban, sheltered a proscribed priest, who, during his stay, converted his host. Alban saved the priest by changing clothes with him, thus enabling him to escape in disguise. Alban was then commanded to offer sacrifice to the gods, and told that he should otherwise be put to death. He refused; and was first scourged, and then beheaded. On his way to execution, he converted one of the soldiers appointed to guard him. The town of St. Alban's, built on the spot where he was martyred, is named after him. The persecution was ended by the resignation of Diocletian, and the accession of a new emperor, who, although not a Christian, allowed Christianity in his dominions. He was succeeded by his son, Constantine the Great, who was converted to Christianity, it is said, by the miraculous appearance of a cross in the sky, as he was leading his soldiers to battle, or, more probably, by the example and teaching of a Christian mother.

Roman Remains.—Most of the streets in London run upon the remains of Roman houses, which had no upper stories. Roman coins have been found in the bed of the *Thames*.

Picts and Scots.—The English built a wall between England and Scotland, by the advice of the Romans, but of earth, and it proved useless. The Romans next time made a stone one, gave patterns for arms, and good advice.

Departure of the Romans.—When the departure of the Romans took place, Britain possessed more than fifty walled towns, many military stations, public buildings, baths, temples, &c., also a large theatre, which would hold two or three thousand people.

CHAPTER II.

SAXON KINGS.

800. Egbert.
836. Ethelwolf.
858. Ethelbald.
860. Ethelburt.
866. Ethelred I.
871. Alfred the Great.
900. Edward the Elder.
924. Athelstan.
940. Edmund.
946. Edred.
955. Edwy.

959. Edgar.

975. Edward the Martyr.
978. Ethelred II.
1016. Edmund Ironside.

DANISH KINGS.

1017. Canute the Great.
1036. Harold Harefoot.
1040. Hardicanute.

SAXON LINE, *Restored.*

1042. Edward the Confessor.
1066. Harold.

Manners and Customs of the Saxons.—The Saxons were a very brave people; it was disgraceful to return safe from a battle where the chief was killed. Lazy folks or cowards were plunged into ponds of mud. People sat at table according to their rank. When Canute, the Dane, came to the throne, he ordered that any one sitting out of his place should be pelted with bones. In an old book of manners, it is ordered that the carver should hold the meat with his thumb and two fingers only; there were no forks. Bread was chiefly made of barley. Honey was much used, as there was no butter in England until the fifteenth century. If people wanted to be very friendly, they ate out of the same dish. The Saxons knew the use of an umbrella, how to cultivate roses and lilies, and how to make a gallows.

Houses were built of clay ; bricks were so uncommon, that they were only used as ornaments. The *cathedrals* of Canterbury, Rochester, and St. Paul's, built by Ethelburt, the first Christian Saxon king, were built of wood, and thatched with straw or reeds.

Roads were very bad, for although the Romans had left good ones, they had been neglected. And moreover, the fact that the Saxon princes were constantly at war, caused travelling to be most unsafe, as travellers were likely to be plundered and murdered by the contending parties. There were no inns.

Christianity.—Augustine was sent by the Pope to convert the Saxons, who had not been converted by the British Christians. Ethelburt, King of Kent, had a Christian wife. The missionaries came in procession, chanting psalms and litanies, and carrying a silver cross and a picture of Christ. A few months afterwards the king was baptized, the Witan or Saxon Parliament summoned, and Christianity recognised. On Christmas-day 10,000 Saxons were baptized.

A king of the East Angles built a church, at one end of which there was an altar for the celebration of mass ; at the other, one for sacrifice to idols.

Monasteries or Abbeys in those days served the purpose of schools, hospitals, inns, and churches. Many rich people entered them. One order of monks (the Benedictines) received, during the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, ten emperors and twenty kings. Many monks were very learned. One Benedictine invented the musical scale, and another the organ. England contained many Benedictine monasteries.

Invasion of the Danes.—A battle took place near Croyland Abbey. The Danes conquered ; only a few men escaped to tell the tale at Croyland. They arrived just as service was beginning. It ceased ; and the abbot (or chief priest) heard the news. He then told forty of the monks to take all the church relics and hide them in the fens, where they were concealed for four days. The abbot remained with the oldest monks and children, whom he thought the Danes would not hurt, and continued the service. But just as the abbot was saying mass,

the shouts of the heathens were heard; all the monks were killed, the abbot at the foot of the altar. The Danes, angry at finding no treasure, destroyed the church.

Alfred the Great made many good laws. By some historians he is said to have introduced trial by jury; others ascribe it to the period of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Edward the Confessor, so called because of his regularity in attending confession, spent his time between prayer and hunting, built Westminster Abbey instead of going a pilgrimage to Rome; dedicated it to St. Peter. The church took fifteen years to build; it was the first cruciform one in England. The king expended a tenth of his revenues in its erection. He was buried there.

CHAPTER III.

William I. was, some writers tell us, crowned two or three times a year, in different places. He ransacked the churches and monasteries.

CHAPTER IV.

William Rufus kept the archbishopric of Canterbury vacant for four years, and took the money.

CHAPTER XV.

In Henry V.'s reign, John Wicliffe translated the Bible. In 1428, there was a persecution of his followers, who were called Lollards.

CHAPTER XVII.

Wars of the Roses.—An unlucky man, in Edward IV.'s reign, kept an inn with the sign of a Crown, and was put to death, because he said he would make his son heir to the crown.

Sign-boards were invented, because the art of reading was so scarce that the owner's name over the shop would have been useless. So a hare and a bottle stood for Hare-bottle, and two cocks for Cox.

Before the use of coaches, *horses* were much more ridden. When the Emperor Charles V. visited Henry

VIII., he brought with him two thousand people and one thousand horses.

In 1564, the Dutch introduced coaches, in which the grand ladies rode up and down, to the admiration of all who saw them.

IMPORTANT BATTLES AND SIEGES.

- 1066. HASTINGS. Saxons defeated by the Normans.
- 1191. ASCALON. Saracens defeated by Richard I.
- 1265. Evesham. Barons defeated by Prince Edward.
- 1314. BANNOCKBURN. Edward II. defeated by the Scotch.
- 1340. SLUYS. French fleet defeated by the English.
- 1346. CRESSY. French defeated by Edward III.
- 1347. CALAIS taken by Edward III. ; retaken by the French in 1588.
- 1403. SHREWSBURY. Rebel nobles defeated by Henry IV.
- 1460. NORTHAMPTON. Henry VI. defeated and made prisoner by the Duke of York.
- 1460. WAKEFIELD. Yorkists defeated by Queen Margaret.
- 1461. ST. ALBAN'S. Yorkists defeated by Queen Margaret.
- 1471. TEWKESBURY. Queen Margaret defeated. Last battle of the Roses.
- 1485. BOSWORTH. Richard III. defeated and killed by the Lancastrians under the Earl of Richmond.
- 1513. FLODDEN FIELD. Scotch defeated by English.
- 1586. ZUTPHEN besieged unsuccessfully by British and Spaniards against the Dutch. Here Sir Philip Sidney was killed.
- 1588. SPANISH ARMADA. Fleet defeated by the English.
- 1644. MARSTON MOOR. Royalists defeated by the Parliament troops.
- 1644. NEWBURY. Royalists victorious.
- 1645. NASEBY. Royalists defeated Five thousand taken prisoners.
- 1651. WORCESTER. Scotch under Charles II. defeated by the troops of Cromwell.
- 1685. SEDGEMOOR. Duke of Monmouth defeated by James II.'s troops.
- 1689. LONDONDERRY unsuccessfully besieged by James II.'s troops.
- 1690. BOYNE. James II.'s troops defeated by William III.
- 1692. EDGEHILL. Drawn battle between Royalists and Parliament.
- 1704. GIBRALTAR taken by Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt.
- 1704. BLENHEIM. French defeated by Marlborough and Prince Eugene.
- 1706. RAMILLIES. French defeated by Marlborough.
- 1709. MALPLAQUET. French defeated by Marlborough and Prince Eugene.
- 1743. DETTINGEN. British, Hanoverian, and Hessian forces defeat the French.
- 1746. CULLODEN. Charles Edward defeated by the Duke of Cumberland.

1759. **MINDEN.** English, Hessians, and Hanoverians defeat the French.
1775. **QUEBEC** besieged in vain by the Americans; had been given to the English in 1759.
1798. **NILE.** French fleet defeated by Nelson.
1805. **TRAFALGAR.** French and Spanish fleets defeated by Nelson (here he was killed).
1809. **CORUNNA.** French defeated by the English, under Sir John Moore, who was killed in action.
1809. **TALAVERA.** French army defeated by the British and Spanish forces, under Sir Arthur Wellesley.
1815. **WATERLOO.** French army, under Napoleon Buonaparte, defeated by the British and allies, under the Duke of Wellington. British loss, including killed and wounded, 23,991; French, 40,000.
1827. **NAVARINO.** Turkish and Egyptian fleets defeated by the British, French, and Russian fleets.
1854. **ALMA.** Russians defeated by the British, French, and Turkish forces.
1854. **INKERMANN.** Russians defeated by the British, French, and Turkish forces.
1855. **SEBASTOPOL** taken by the allied French and English from the Russians. Restored to the Russians in 1856.
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ARITHMETIC.

1. Add together, three hundred pounds, five hundred and seventy pounds, six shillings and tenpence, and eightpence three farthings.
2. John earns 3s. 6d. a week. How much is that a year?
3. Lucy is a housemaid, and has twelve pounds a year wages. What is that a week?
4. Joseph earns seven shillings a week; he spends five and sixpence, and saves the rest. How much will he have saved at the end of six months?
5. Six boys agreed to save up their money for a treat. Five of them had twopence a week, and the sixth fourpence. How much had they altogether at the end of four months (16 weeks)?
6. Mary had to buy the following articles:—One pair of gloves, at 2s.; a doll, at 6d.; a pound of tea, at 8s.; a piece of beef for 4s. 2d. What change must she have had out of a sovereign?

7. Lucy's schooling costs her father twopence a week. What will that come to in a year?

8. Mary's schooling costs twopence a week. What will that come to in a year, if there are six weeks' holidays?

9. There are 100 children in a school, each paying 1d. a week. How much will be paid by them in a quarter (13 weeks)?

10. A gentleman gave 150 beggars a penny each. How much did he give away altogether?

11. A poor man picked up a sovereign, a shilling, and a sixpence, and gave them to the owner, who, as a reward for his honesty, gave him half the amount. What did he receive?

12. Albert, on his birthday, received 2d. from each of his five sisters, 6d. from his father, and 9d. from his mother. He spent 2s. on toys; what had he left?

13. Julia earns ten pounds a year, of which she spends six on dress; she gives one to her mother, and saves the rest. How long will she be in saving ten pounds?

14. A farmer bought twelve pigs, giving eleven shillings for each; ten cows, giving three pounds for each; and a pony for ten pounds. What would he save out of £55?

15. Louisa has a new bonnet every quarter, and gives 7s. 6d. for it; Fanny gives only 5s. 3d. for hers, and makes it last a year. How much does she save?

16. Edward has a pint of beer, which costs 2d., every day. What will his beer cost him in 4 years?

17. 1,001 people took excursion tickets to the sea-side. They paid £150 8s. What was that apiece?

18. Richard saves 1d. every week. How much will he have at the end of 6 months?

19. Jane spends 1½d. a week on sweets. What will that amount to in a year?

20. Lucy wishes to earn enough to give her sister a new frock. It will take 7 yards of linsey, at 9½d. a yard. How much must Lucy earn?

21. A school treat costs £5. There were 120 children. What was the expense per head?

22. A servant had to pay the following bills:—Green-grocer, 16s. 7½d.; butcher, £3 Os. 10d.; baker, 19s. 6d.; grocer, £5 8s. How many shillings more would he require, if his master only gave him nine pounds and elevenpence halfpenny?

23. John earns 7s. 6d. a week. He gives 2s. 6d. of it to his mother, spends 2s. 9d. on clothes, 8d. on pocket-money, and saves the rest. What can he save in a quarter?

24. Mary earns one shilling a week. She spends fourpence halfpenny on sweets, and saves the rest. How much will she have spent, and how much saved, in a half-year?

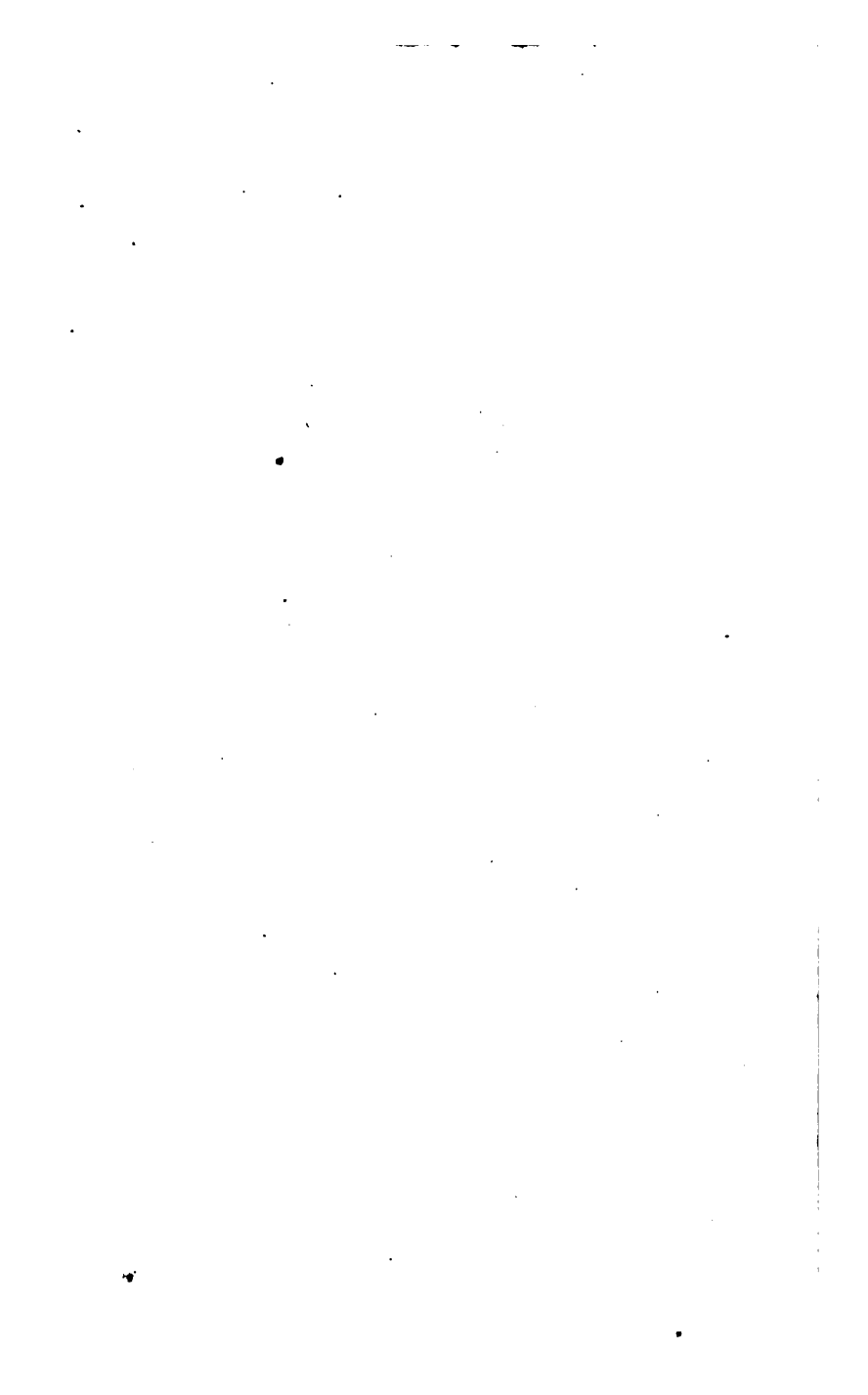
25. A woman took a house for £20 a year, and paid £5 more in taxes and repairs. She lets one room in it at 2s. 6d. a week, and another at 8s. 6d. How much does she need to make up her rent?

26. Mary has four new dresses a year, and gives five and ninepence for each; Lucy has but two, and gives nine and sixpence for each. How much more does Mary spend than Lucy?

27. John and James each save up their money for watches. John saves 6d. a week; and James 8d. How long will it be before they have enough to buy watches. costing £2 10s. each?

28. A farmer *bought* 80 pigs, giving thirteen and sixpence for each; and *sold* 2 ponies for ten pounds each, and 37 fowls at two and sixpence each. What money did he take home?

29. Mary had a sovereign to change. She got one half-sovereign, one crown, two shillings, three fourpenny pieces, and three halfpence; the rest of the change she dropped going home. How much did she lose?





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